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McKean County Miner.

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PEASLEY WAS FOUND GUILTY.

Verdict of Voluntary Manslaughter Returned Thursday Evening.

HIS SENTENCE 10 YEARS, 6 MONTHS

Jury Out Three Hours—Judge Lectures Mrs. Peasley—Other Court Matters—Four Taken to the Penitentiary.

As we went to press last week Fred D. Gallup, one of the attorneys for the Commonwealth, was addressing the jury in the Peasley murder case. After he had finished Judge Bouton charged the jury and shortly after 5 o'clock Thursday afternoon the case was given to the jury.

Shortly after 8 o'clock a verdict was reached and the ringing of the court house bell to call court brought a large crowd to hear the verdict.

Court was called to order with Judge Bouton presiding, about 8:45 o'clock. A hush of expectancy fell upon the spectators as the jury slowly filed into the room and took their respective places in the box. The prisoner, accompanied by his wife, was brought into court by Sheriff Mays and given a seat with his counsel, Attorneys Stone and Mullin. After a poll of the jury, each member answering to his name, they were asked if they had agreed upon a verdict and a reply was made in the affirmative—the verdict being guilty of voluntary manslaughter. Peasley heard the verdict without showing any emotion, not seeming to realize what it meant to him.

At the opening of court Friday afternoon Judge Bouton addressed Peasley as follows:—"Mr. Peasley, you were tried upon the indictment charging you with the murder of John Beardsley. The jury did not see fit to convict you of murder of the first degree or murder of the second degree, but convicted you of the crime of voluntary manslaughter. Under the evidence they could have convicted of murder of the first or second degree, but they saw fit, and properly so, to convict you of the crime of voluntary manslaughter. What, if anything, have you to say why the sentence of the court should not be passed upon you?"

Peasley answered in a low and faintly audible tone:—"I have always tried to be a man among men. It wasn't my fault. I hardly know what to say. I ask the court to be as lenient as possible."

The court then pronounced the following sentence:

"We have taken into consideration all the circumstances surrounding this case and the law makes it our duty to impose sentence upon you. The sentence of the court is that you pay a fine of $500 to the Commonwealth, pay the costs of the prosecution and that you undergo imprisonment in the penitentiary for the Western district of Pennsylvania, situated in Allegheny, in the county of Allegheny, by separate and solitary confinement at labor for and during a period of 10 years and 6 calendar months, to be computed from this date, and stand committed until the sentence be complied with."

Mrs. Peasley was then summoned before the court and listened to the following reproof: "Mrs. Peasley, at a prior term of this court you pleaded guilty to the crime of adultery with John Beardsley. At that time, upon the solicitations of your husband and friends and upon your promise that you would in the future behave yourself, the court was induced to suspend sentence upon you. The developments in this case have convinced us that we, at that time made a mistake. If we had sentenced you at that time, perhaps, this terrible crime would not have been committed, but we, at that time, thought we were acting for your good, for that of your husband and for the good of society.

"Now, it seems that you have been the cause of this whole difficulty. It is astounding that a person could have fallen so low as you seem to have fallen. It could hardly be believed it could be possible were it not for your own admissions on the witness stand. We regret very much the records of this court are in such shape that we cannot now impose the sentence that ought to have been imposed at the time you entered the plea of guilty. We desire to say to you that if there is any good left in you we hope that the death of this one man and the incarceration in the penitentiary of your husband will have some effect upon your future life; that it will be a warning to you, and that if it is not already too late, that you will change your course before you are brought before this court for sentence for some terrible crime. That is all."

The defendant and his wife were much affected as sentence was pronounced and both gave way to bitter tears as they left the court room.

OTHER COURT NEWS.

Henry Moss pleaded guilty to malicious mischief.

Clyde McKinney pleaded guilty to assault and battery.

In the case of the Commonwealth vs. Gus Madison, charged with rape, the defendant was found not guilty by the jury. During the testimony, when the girl in the case, Florence Thorn, was on the stand, complaint was made by counsel for the defense that the witness was receiving signals from persons in the audience. The court ordered the prosecutrix and witnesses removed from the court room.

Sam Stofer, charged with assault and battery on the person of Patrick Hughes, was found guilty. A fine of $25 and costs of prosecution were imposed.

On motion of R. B. Stone, J. P. Ryan was admitted to practice law in the several courts of McKean county. Mr. Ryan is a graduate of St. Bonaventure College of the class of 1895 and has studied for the last two years in the office of Brown & Schoonmaker, Bradford.

In the case of Dominick Pepper and Joseph Frey, charged with stealing goods from Max Schoolar's store, a verdict of guilty was found. Pepper was sentenced to two years and Frey one year and six months in the western penitentiary.

Monday Sheriff Mays and Constable Harrington of Bradford took Willis Peasley, George Doremyer, Dominick Pepper and Joseph Frey to the western penitentiary at Allegheny.

Death of Thomas J. Melvin.

Thomas J. Melvin, one of Bradford's best known and most highly esteemed residents, died at his home in that city Monday evening, from a complication of ills which had confined him to the house since last October.

Mr. Melvin was deputy county treasurer some twenty years ago and spent most of his time for three years in this place, where he made many friends who will join with his relatives in mourning his demise. From the Bradford Era we glean the following:

Thomas J. Melvin was born in Bradford August 18, 1847, a son of John F. and Lucretia (Farr) Melvin. He was reared here, attending the public schools and finishing his business education at the Bryant & Stratton Commercial College at Buffalo. In practical clerical work he was further trained for a business career and in 1869 embarked in the mercantile line on his own account, continuing in that business until 1876, when he engaged in the production of oil. Mr. Melvin was married September 28, 1869, to Miss Marion B. Parker, daughter of Nelson Parker. His wife survives him, as do four sons, John P., Charles C., Milton F. and Thomas J., Jr. He is also survived by his brother, Charles C. Melvin, and two sisters, Mrs. Loyal Ward and Mrs. Evelina Foster of this city.

The deceased was prominent in Masonic circles and was a member of Trinity Commandery, No. 52, Knights Templar. In addition to his oil and other interests he was prominently identified with the brick manufacturing industry in this vicinity.

"Toppy" Dotterweich Suicides.

Adolph Dotterweich, known to almost every man, woman and child in Olean as "Toppy" Dotterweich, ended his earthly existence yesterday morning sometime previous to 10 o'clock by shooting himself, while suffering from a temporary fit of insanity brought on apparently by worry over sickness. For some time he has been suffering with nervous trouble and the grip. He shot himself twice in the stomach and once through the heart. The Olean Herald says: "Mr. Dotterweich was born and reared in Olean and began his business career by taking charge of the bottling department of the Dotterweich brewery, which his family practically owned. He became manager of this department and was also vice president of the brewing company three years ago, when he withdrew and purchased the restaurant, which he owned at the time of his death, at the corner of North Union and State streets. On November 24 last he married Miss Mary Wallace. He was a prominent Elk and that organization will probably have his funeral in charge. He was also an active member of St. Mary's church. He was a man of excellent habits and was known everywhere for his generosity. Mr. Dotterweich was about 32 years old. He is survived by his wife, one sister, Mrs. L. G. Rodgers, and three brothers, George H., Rudolph and Herman L., all of Olean."

The Baptist Meetings.

The people of the Baptist church began this week a series of evangelistic meetings, in which they are being assisted by pastors of neighboring Baptist churches. Rev. T. G. Cass, D. D., of Olean was the speaker on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of this week. Rev. P. D. Jacobus of Port Allegany will preach on Thursday and Friday evenings. Next week Rev. L. B. Twichell of Emporium will preach on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, and on Thursday and Friday evenings Rev. W. T. C. Hanna, D. D., of Bradford will be the speaker. These speakers are all men of excellent abilities, and all who attend will be greatly benefited.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

Married at the residence of the bride's father, C. H. Foster, Esq., in Bradford, October 15, 1872, by the Rev. W. P. Omans, Mr. Lewis A. Smith of Dunkirk and Miss Emma E. Foster.

Married, at the home of the bride's father in Colegrove, McKean county, Pa., October 22, 1872, by Rev. L. A. Stevens, Mr. John S. Ross of Coudersport, Potter county, Pa., to Miss Lydia S. Colegrove. A generous supply of excellent wedding cake accompanied the above, for which the printers tip their hats in polite acknowledgment and wish this amiable and happy couple every joy imaginable.

We understand that the cars ran into Port Allegany yesterday (Oct. 23, 1872). It does us good to know that the enterprising citizens of our neighboring town are now "out of the woods."

Lewis Butterfield, formerly of Liberty township, but who has for the past six years been living in Missouri, arrived in this place on Sunday last. He and family started from the Missouri river, with two teams, on the 5th day of September and drove the whole distance—sixteen hundred miles—in seven weeks and four days. He tells us the expense of coming through in this manner but little exceeded that of traveling by rail.

Married, at the house of the bride's father, October 22, 1872, by Rev. W. P. Omans, Lester W. Lawrence of Ohio to Luetta Storms of Bradford.

The name of W. J. Colegrove appears as one of the Presidential electors on the Republican ticket in 1872.

Casper Smith of Sergeant township left two turnips at this office the other day, one of which weighed 18 and the other 15 pounds. He says he planted a strip of ground about two rods wide and six rods long to potatoes and on or about the 24th of July he sowed turnip seed in between the rows. On the strip thirty-six bushels of potatoes were raised and sold for $30. Forty bushels of turnips were also grown on the same ground.

Married, at the residence of the bride's parents, November 12, 1872, by Rev. Harris Peck, Mr. George W. Theetge of Chemung, N. Y., and Miss Elida G. Downey of Smethport, Pa.

At the house of the bride, Nov. 6, by the Rev. A. Hoyt, Mr. Wm. Brockham and Miss Clare Rice, all of Keating, Pa.

Our old friend H. V. Redfield is in town visiting his numerous friends. "Vic" is still connected with the Cincinnati Commercial, of which paper he is an invaluable correspondent. He spent the greater share of his time during the late campaign in the South and expects to "pitch tent" on the Northern Pacific or in Washington this winter. Whatever field may be designated for him his letters cannot fail to be interesting to the readers of the Commercial, as few young men are capable of showing a more graceful and pungent pen. Success to him ever and everywhere, say we.

By reference to the advertisement of Eaton & Sprague in another column, it will be seen that these enterprising gentlemen have opened a new hardware store in Smethport. They occupy a portion of the "Union Block"—first door west of the Baptist church. They have just received their stock and one more complete is seldom found anywhere.

Mary Ann, wife of Deacon Nathaniel Robbins, died in Norwich township, Pa., November 15, 1872. Deceased was seventy-nine years, six months and fifteen days old. She was born in Scotland and came to this country when about three years old. She was married in the year 1816, living with her husband, who survives her, for 56 years.

We are informed that a project is on foot for the construction of a branch railroad by the B., N. Y. & P. company from near Larabee to the coal fields of Pennsylvania, near Smethport. Such an enterprise would doubtless be a paying one and we sincerely hope it will be carried into effect.—Olean Times.

At a meeting of the taxpayers of this school district, held in the court house last Saturday evening, a resolution to build a new school house was carried by the unanimous vote of all present.

Last Saturday Rev. Peck preached brimstone and "spontaneous combustion" at his hearers. We stood this pretty well, afterwards consoling ourself that we could well endure the warm atmosphere that has since surrounded us, in view of the fact that no collection was taken up. We can stand heat, but are not worth a cent to buy fuel.

Horace Greeley, the greatest of American journalists, breathed his last a little before seven o'clock on Friday, November 29, 1872, twenty-four days after being defeated for the Presidency of the United States.

Sheriff-elect M. N. Powell is in town and expects soon to enter upon his office. Until that time his genial presence is always welcome—after that it may depend upon circumstances.

One hundred and sixty deer have been shipped from the Kane station during the present season.

LAND BATTLES ARE EXPECTED.

Port Arthur Will be Object of Attack by Japanese Troops.

WAR MAY RESULT IN A DRAW.

W. E. Smith, Consul of the U. S. at St. Petersburg, Says This Country Can Stop War at Proper Time.

Russia is daily expecting an attack from Japanese land forces on Port Arthur and plans are being laid for desperate resistance. The residents of the city have been furnished arms and will assist the troops in defending the city and forts.

The Japanese forces on both land and water have adopted secret tactics and little has been learned of their movements by war correspondents during the past week.

Russian scouting parties are busy locating the Japanese forces in Korea and several skirmishes have occurred. It is claimed in dispatches that the number of Japanese troops in that country have been greatly overestimated. Russia will remove all women, children and old and infirm men from strategic points so that the necessity of protecting them will not be added to the other duties of the troops and in order that supplies may be available for the use of actual combatants.

Some of the Russian newspapers still insist that the United States is unfriendly to their country. One paper in a leading article expresses the belief that China is a secret ally of the Japs and says: "Like England and America, China will do everything possible to injure Russia and must be expected eventually to throw off the mask and become an open enemy."

United States army officers, who have closely watched affairs in the East, are of the opinion that the war will result in a draw. Japan, they claim, cannot place sufficient troops in Manchuria to conquer the Russians, while Japan's control of the sea will make an invasion of the latter country impossible.

A recent dispatch, dated London, says: There may come soon to the United States an opportunity for bringing to an end war between Russia and Japan.

That opportunity, if duly taken advantage of by the American president, will result in removing all danger of a misunderstanding between Washington and St. Petersburg and in cementing the friendly relations which are a tradition of the two countries.

By one stroke the United States can do Russia a good turn and can benefit herself and the world at large.

This is the opinion of a hard-headed practical man of business, with exceptional advantage of forming a seasoned judgment. He is W. E. Smith, consul of the United States in St. Petersburg, who is at present in London. Mr. Smith told a correspondent that Russia had been surprised into the war. Three weeks before the rupture of diplomatic relations a contract had been entered into for the electric lighting of Port Arthur.

"Russia could not but go on fighting now, but once she gained a victory on land and her prestige would admit of her listening to the pourparlers for peace, then," said Mr. Smith, "let the United States step in and proffer its good offices.

"Washington can do what no other government could attempt. It would not be a mistake—far from it—if the president were to send a special ambassador to St. Petersburg. He would be persona gratissima at the Russian court. The czar would meet him more than half way."

Mr. Smith deplored the suspicions of Russia which appeared to be prevalent. Some Americans, he said, seemed unable to understand Muscovite diplomacy, just as the Russians were puzzled by the American "straight from the shoulder" methods. Allowance ought to be made on both sides for difference in the national temperament.

While Mr Smith may be entirely right in his views, it is traditional that such "friendly offices" are usually met with a polite, but decided, snub. The theory that the United States should make such an offer because it is in no way concerned in the troubles, is also a pretty good reason why it should do nothing of the kind.

Anti-Toxine Trust.

A trust has been formed by the manufacturers of diphtheria anti-toxine and the price on this drug has been advanced one hundred per cent. The medical profession is very much incensed over this action and a proposition has been made that each State establish a laboratory for the manufacture of the various anti-toxines. This would guarantee absolute purity and at the same time deal a blow to the inhuman trust that would be a lesson to all grasping capitalists who seek to extort money at the expense of dying humanity.

MURDEROUS ASSAULT.

Eugene Storey Stabbed William H. McKay Inflicting Serious Wounds —The Assailant Arrested.

Tuesday's Bradford Era says:

Eugene Storey, of Washington street extension, angered at being ejected from the barroom of the Bay State hotel at noon yesterday, drew a pocketknife and stabbed William C. McKay, the bartender, three times. McKay was struck on the shoulder, forehead and face, the latter wound being near the left ear and severing an artery. The injured man was removed to a room in the hotel, where he was attended by Dr. Johnston. He suffered greatly from loss of blood and being in poor health, the case was considered very serious for a time, but subsequently McKay showed signs of improvement. The police were notified of the affray and within a short time Storey was placed under arrest and remanded to a cell in the lockup.

It appears that Storey and several companions had been drinking heavily during the day and had created disturbances in down town hostelries where they had been refused drinks owing to their maudlin condition. At the Bay State hotel Storey was also refused liquor, and becoming abusive he was ejected from the premises by an employe of the house. He returned to the barroom and being refused drinks a second time, continued his previous actions. McKay took him by the arm and escorted him to the door. After reaching the street Storey turned, and forcing open the door rushed toward McKay, who was standing nearby, at the same time opening a large pocket-knife. He struck three times at the bartender with the weapon, each stroke taking effect, and in the excitement which followed the assailant left the building unmolested and made his way to Mechanic street, where he was subsequently arrested.

Storey was one of the principals in the affair which resulted in the killing of Charles Wagner on upper Washington street, last year, for which crime Elmer Graham is now serving a 12-year sentence in the western penitentiary. He is blamed for throwing the stone at the Musten house, which prompted Graham to fire the fatal shot.

Temperance Education in Schools.

The following is the vigorous reply made by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union to the Committee of Fifty:

The Committee of Fifty recently published the report of their Physiological Sub-Committee in which the latter attacks the present system of scientific temperance instruction now universally required in the public schools of this country.

The National Woman's Christian Temperance Union at its last convention adopted a reply to the above report, submitted by its Bureau of Scientific Temperance Investigation and the presidents of eleven of the largest states, and ordered for circulation a first edition of 50,000 copies.

This reply, a twenty-six page pamphlet, shows that the grounds on which the Sub-Committee base their proposal to overthrow this system of instruction are fallacious.

First, In attempting to secure foreign opinions on this subject, the Sub-Committee misrepresented the amount of time required as 250 hours for the study of alcohol. In fact only 330 lessons (the equivalent of about 140 hours) distributed through nine years, is the maximum requirement for the whole subject of physiology and hygiene, not more than one-fourth (and usually not more than one-fifth) of which is ever required to be given to alcoholic drinks and other narcotics.

Second, The Sub-Committee's chief criticism upon the school literature on this subject are that it teaches total abstinence and that alcohol is not a food but a poison.

The reply shows that the Sub-Committee presents no evidence proving alcohol a food in the sense in which this word is commonly understood, that is, a substance whose nature it is when absorbed into the blood to nourish the body without injuring it. The conclusion of the Sub-Committee that alcohol is a food because it is oxidized in the body and can furnish energy, is contradicted by many authorities who agree with Professor von Voit of Munich, quoted in the Report of the Sub-Committee that

"A substance may be consumed by the body and liberate energy, and yet be harmful."

Other poisons are oxidized in the body yet are never called foods.

The Sub-Committee presents no evidence proving that alcohol is not a poison, that is a substance whose nature it is when absorbed into the blood to injure health and destroy life.

As to the so-called moderate use of alcoholic drinks, the Sub-Committee produced no proof that it is safe. Whether one is susceptible to such drinking "one finds out," says Professor Gruber of the Royal Institute of Hygiene, Munich, "only by playing a game of chance with his life, which is a dangerous experiment."

The Sub-Committee, to sustain their charge that the indorsed physiologies are unscientific, instead of comparing these books with results of recent investigation, compared them with opinions which, in many cases, are old, discordant, or unsupported by modern investigations.

Third, The Sub-Committee suggests that the school should teach "that when (alcoholic drinks are) taken habitually, it should only be at meals and, as a rule, with the last meal of the day." The Reply says this suggestion "implies approval of alcohol being thus taken. Not until it is proved that alcohol thus drunk does not have the power to create an uncontrollable and destructive desire for more will such teaching be scientifically or ethically safe." The man who drinks with meals or after the day's work is done is finding one business door after another closed to him.

Fourth, The Sub-Committee's recommendation to confine this instruction to older pupils, especially those in the high schools, the Reply shows would postpone it in many cases until after cigarette and other bad habits had been formed, and would deprive of any warning instruction on this subject great numbers who have to go to work before they reach the upper grades.

Fifth, Attention is called to the fact that the Sub-Committee, claiming there are practically no good results from this instruction, ignore testimony to its beneficial results elicited recently in a careful canvass of New York State, testimony which was sent to every member of the Committee of Fifty nearly eight months before the publication of their report. Similarly, the Sub-Committee ignored the increase in the average length of life and the decrease in the rate of gain in the per capita consumption of alcohol during the past decade to which this instruction, which became general during that decade, may be said to have contributed.

It is admitted in our own and other land that the teaching in our public schools that alcohol injures working ability has contributed to the greater sobriety of the American workman, and to his consequent increased productive ability, which is one factor in giving to our nation the commercial supremacy it now enjoys. After briefly reviewing the other papers in the Sub-Committee's Report the Reply concludes:

"The experimental and other investigations concerning the physiological action of alcohol in the Report of the Committee of Fifty do not prove the present system of temperance instruction 'unscientific' or 'undesirable,' and the opinion of the Sub-Committee that it is undesirable reveals a deplorable insensibility to the grave moral perils of that moderate drinking which the instruction the Sub-Committee recommend would encourage. The discussion which has preceded and accompanied the legislation requiring this instruction during the past twenty years has been a continuous appeal to reason which has met with as continuous a response. The American public is too intelligent, too patriotic, and too conscientious to have adopted this movement hastily or retire from it in the face of the good it is doing."

Lyceum Attraction.

England's Famous Moving Pictures will be the attraction at the Lyceum next Wednesday evening. It may be of interest to our theatregoers to know what other cities think of this attraction. The following is a notice from the Fulton Patriot, Nov. 11, 1903.

"To sit in a theatre chair and witness the full program of a well equipped circus is indeed a novelty. This was the treat that attendants at Stephens opera house Saturday evening enjoyed, as they witnessed England's perfect moving pictures. The full program as seen in a circus is given. The pictures are sharp and stand out, presenting the kind of entertainment that young and old enjoy. It is a novelty and one that will last. Of course, the cursing of the canvas hands and the smell of the menagerie are missing, but these are agreeable omissions."

Prices 25 and 35 cents. Advance sale of seats opens Saturday morning.

Miss Peterson Injured.

Miss Helen Peterson of No. 7½ Ascension street, daughter of County Commissioner John A. Peterson, while walking with her brother on East Main street yesterday afternoon was struck by a piece of ice, blown from the creek by dynamite, and rendered unconscious. The falling ice hit her on the forehead, and descending struck her foot, causing a very painful injury. Her right arm was broken between the wrist and elbow. The young lady quickly regained consciousness and within a short time was removed to her home where she received surgical attention.—Monday's Bradford Era.

Upholstering.

The Empire Upholstering Co., located in the Odd Fellows block, are prepared to do upholstering of all kinds at moderate prices. We have a full line of covers, tapestries, goblin verdure, French lagoon; also damasks, silk stripes, French velours, veronas and sheeby. All work first class or no pay demanded. Call and examine goods.

FINDING OF "HER"

By LOUISE J. STRONG

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The stagecoach slowly emptied itself as the travelers reached their various destinations, until only three were left to be stranded by a breakdown at a cluster of houses called a town. Two of them were residents of the country, neighbors returning from a business trip necessitated by the bogus sales of a bogus land agent, which had involved their property.

The third traveler was a woman from a far New England town, whose whole life, up to her comely middle age, had been spent in the rush and turmoil of a manufactory. To her the wide, illimitable plain was a revelation of the vastness of God's domain, and she brooded over it in silent, friendly contemplation. She smiled and answered pleasantly when spoken to, but had volunteered no information concerning herself, and Lee and Bainbridge felt some curiosity as to her destination.

They knew nobody in the sparsely settled region beyond who was expecting company, and such an event would be news for fifty miles around.

She had accepted the detaining accident without worry or impatience and after supper sat on the porch of the small hotel, her eyes fixed in wondering awe upon the distant mountains, beyond whose peaks streamed the glory of the setting sun.

"She looks like home," Bainbridge said, indicating her with a nod.

"She's that kind," Lee returned, with the assurance of knowledge gained by experience. He was a married man.

They lounged out and took a bench near her.

"Going on with the coach, ma'am?" Lee ventured after awhile.

"Why, yes," she replied pleasantly, rousing. "I'm going out near Wallace."

"Why, that's our postoffice! Just a shack, you know—store and postoffice together. Are you locating in that neighborhood?"

"Yes, quite near. And you are some of our neighbors? That's good! I seem to almost know you. I'm Almira Burton." She laughed like a pleased child and put out her hand as she introduced herself.

The men exchanged startled glances at the name, but they shook hands cordially.

"I am Bob Lee, have a wife (best in the world) and four towheads. This is Wilse Bainbridge, the old bachelor, who lives by himself," Lee went on loquaciously.

"I'm glad there are children near. I am going to miss ours at home so dreadfully," she said.

"Maybe they won't be what you'd call near," he laughed. "Anything's near out here inside of twenty miles."

"Our quarter section is two miles south of Wallace, and the agent said there'd be a railroad soon. I hope you're not far away."

"You bought, I reckon," Bainbridge said. "Land's all been taken up round here ever so long."

"Yes, that's what the agent said, though it doesn't seem possible. Why, it's just one great ocean of land out here. I didn't realize there was so much—and all taken. But some folks own miles, don't they?"

Bainbridge nodded, and she went on with a deprecatory smile at her former ignorance: "Our place seemed so big—a hundred and sixty acres—and that is big when you've never had even a garden spot—just rooms and a tiny mite of a dooryard."

"It does," Lee assented. "I came from a [illegible] of a home myself—hardware clerk and wife a teacher back in Ohio. Tell you, we stretched out here."

He did not say that their "stretch" covered several miles, as he might.

"We're going to raise cattle as soon as we get started." She seemed suddenly to feel herself among friends and neighbors, who had a right to know the prospects and intentions of the newcomers. "We think it will be easier for Tom, and we've heard it was more profitable than ordinary farming."

"Tom is, maybe, your husband?" Lee insinuated.

"Land, no!" she laughed, her plump face rosy. "He's my brother—all the folks I've got. I raised him, and, like me, he's been a factory worker all his life. He's married and has two little tots, so smart."

"Thomas H. and A. Burton—that the names you bought under?" Bainbridge queried, with a warning glance at Lee.

"Why, yes; how did you know? Oh, I expect you saw it in the agents' list of sales."

"Yes, ma'am, and I noticed particularly because that quarter is right next to me; in fact, just into mine. Of course I felt an interest in such near neighbors."

"Why, I'm real glad!" she said heartily, "real glad. I don't feel at all as if I was going among strangers, meeting my neighbors this way."

"Are you going to live there alone?" Lee inquired boldly.

Her face clouded. "I must for awhile. I am going to hire a dugout or some kind of shelter put up, and I want to start things as soon as I can. Tom's sickly, and he's dreadfully run down. He couldn't be alone out here." A glow of confidence lighted her eyes, and she continued: "We've been saving a long time to get a home out in the country somewhere. Tom was never strong, and the last year or two has developed consumptive tendencies, and the doctors advised him to come out in this part of the west and live. They say he'll get well and be stronger than ever. We got this land real cheap through the agent, and it's all paid for and enough over to bring me out and get some sort of shelter and a start in cattle. I thought I could buy some calves cheap, and I'll hire some breaking done and raise some grain and get chickens. They'll come out as soon as we get enough to bring them. I hope it won't be long. I'm so anxious about Tom." There was a thrill of apprehension in her voice. "He coughs bad at times and some days can hardly get to his work. Annie, his wife, goes in his place part of the time and makes him rest off and stay with the children. I must get them here as soon as possible."

"Yes, he needs to come," Lee said, regarding her with a sort of amazement.

"And look here," Bainbridge put in, "we'll put up your shanty and do your breaking, and it shan't cost you anything. We always do that for our new neighbors, and I guess we can rustle up some calves for you, and you return them when you're all here and your herd grows."

The tears rushed to her eyes, and she exclaimed: "Oh, what big hearts you have out here in this big country! I'll be the best neighbor you ever had. There's lots I can do for you if you are alone."

"Yes, ma'am; I reckon there is," he said awkwardly, a wistful pity mingling with the embarrassment in his face.

He strolled away presently, and Lee followed in obedience to a sly sign, and she relapsed into dreamy contemplation, her heart warm with the kindness of these new neighbors.

"Look here," Bainbridge said savagely when they were out of sight, "if you let it out I'll kill you!"

"That's right," Lee assured him. "What's a beggarly quarter section anyway? I'd cut 'em off that much and welcome."

"But it's already cut off of mine," Bainbridge bristled jealously. "That rascally blackguard! This is only one of the many pitiful cases of his thieving. But they're dropped right on to their feet! I'll fix it so they'll never know."

Lee gravely shook his hand, then burst out: "But Lordy, Lordy, the innocence of it! Cattle raising on a quarter section, and all the rest of it—them's the kind that fatten the rascals. But she's good! I've got a good woman. I know one when I see her."

"Yes, she's good," Bainbridge asserted absently. "Makes you feel like Sunday morning, and all the bells ringing."

"Ho, ho! I must tell Ellen that. She says you're a born poet and only need a good woman to bring it out."

"Reckon I've found her," Bainbridge grinned sheepishly, turning away.

The moon was diffusing a mellow daylight when he returned from a long walk in communion with himself. He found her still on the porch and sat down in awkward silence. Then he began abruptly: "Don't be frightened, Miss Burton, at what I'm going to say. My head's level; anybody round here'll tell you that. I always know what I want, and we do things quick out here. Once, when I was young, I was going to be married, but she died." He paused an instant. "Since that I never found any one I wanted till right now, and I'm—I'm waiting to be married any minute you say so. If it's too quick I'll keep on waiting, but I'm not going to let anybody else have you."

"Mercy!" she gasped in helpless surprise, but with appreciation of his sturdy manhood gleaming in her eyes.

"I mean anybody out here," he amended. "Of course if there's one back there I'm out."

She shook her head, her face one vivid flame.

"Well, then, I think you can trust me." He leaned toward her coaxingly, his strong hand swallowing hers. "Tom and Annie and the kids 'll be our next door neighbors, and if you get tired of me you can go back to them." His eyes twinkled.

She was still silent, and he went on: "We've been together several days and have a pretty good notion of each other, and I'll feel like the bottom had dropped out of everything if it isn't a go."

"I—I guess it's a go," she stammered.

"Victory!" he exclaimed, taking possession of her. "And see here. I'm going to telegraph money to fetch my brother-in-law out immediately. Give me a kiss, little woman."

Soil Wet and Dry.

Wet soil assumes a darker color than dry because its particles thus become semitransparent, as is the case also with a piece of wetted tissue paper or ground glass.

This change of color is due to the fact that the interstices between the grains of soil are filled with water, so that the number of reflecting surfaces, which in a dry condition scatter and break up the light, are greatly reduced in number. It follows that the total amount of light reflected to the eye is correspondingly diminished.

In short, as the color shade of an object depends upon the proportion of light that is reflected for all the light that falls upon it, dry soil is lighter in shade than wet, which reflects less light. That portion of incident light which wet soil fails to reflect penetrates below the surface, where it is lost or absorbed.

Flower of the Air.

There is a plant in Chile and a similar one in Japan called the "flower of the air." It is so called because it appears to have no root and is never fixed to the earth. It twines round a dry tree or sterile rock. Each shoot produces two or three flowers like lily, white, transparent and odoriferous. It is capable of being transported 600 to 700 miles and vegetates as it travels suspended on a twig.

It Has a Way of Its Own.

"What do I think of the ocean?" said Bridget as she was asked that question by her friends. "I think it's the most peculiar thing I ever came across."—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

A Stickler.

"Say, pa."

"Well, what?"

"What is the difference between seeing your own finish and drawing your own conclusions?"

A man's real possession is memory. In nothing else is he rich; in nothing else is he poor.—Smith.

THE PRINCE'S WRAITH.

An Apparition Whose Coming Was a Sign of Death.

King Gustavus IV. of Sweden, who reigned in the early part of the last century, was taking supper one evening with the Prince of Baden and others, among them a Count Lowenhjelm. Suddenly, halfway through the supper, the king let drop his knife and fork and, turning to Lowenhjelm, said, "Look! Don't you see?" at the same time gazing across the table. No one understood what he meant, and so he dropped the subject. Later, after the Prince of Baden had departed, the king said to his companions: "When I asked you whether you saw anything, I had myself distinctly seen the double, or wraith, of the Prince of Baden enter the room and, passing round the table, place itself behind that prince's chair, where it quickly faded away and vanished. You know," added the king, "the terrible import attached in our country to such apparitions, and, having given you the key to what you may well have thought unaccountable conduct on my part, I now request you to keep strictly to yourselves what I have imparted to you." The following evening and at the same hour, according to Count Lowenhjelm, while the court was seated as usual at supper, the clatter of horse's hoofs was heard in the palace quadrangle, and a courier was speedily announced who brought tidings of a disastrous carriage accident in which the Prince of Baden had lost his life.

CALIFORNIA'S CHARM.

How the Visitor From the East Finally Capitulates.

You will not find everything in southern California. You will miss the wide stretches of green in the open places, far removed from the dusty cities, the noble trees, the clear streams of water, the blue lake nestled in among the pine clad mountains. You will miss that splendid miracle, the change of the seasons, when your whole nature comes into closer touch with the great mother heart of nature than at any other time in all the year.

You will miss much. But when you have been here a year, when month after month of rare and beautiful weather blend into each other, when the sea wooes you and the flowers charm you and the brown mountains beckon you and the soft air soothes you, after a year has passed you find there are some compensations for the lovely things you have left behind you. You come to realize that nature has done more for this stretch of sea and mountain girt land than she has done for any other spot on the globe.

You may have been charmed with California when you came; you may have been captivated after you had been here a year. You may capitulate and consent to be captured by the time two golden summers have stolen over you.—The World To-day.

Hot Water.

Cold blooded people who have little thirst will do well to make a business of drinking a certain amount of hot water every day throughout the winter season. It lessens the tendency to take cold, improves the circulation and benefits coughs and insomnia.

Before going to bed is a very good time for this practice, as it warms up and relaxes the system, thus preparing the way for a good night's sleep.

Many cases of indigestion, headache, neuralgia, cold hands and feet, can be cured in half an hour by drinking slowly one or two pints of water so hot that it almost burns the throat.—Medical Brief.

Malay Poetry.

The Malays possess a poetical nature and, like the Japanese, regard the writing of poetry as an art to be aspired to by anybody. Short couplets are their delight, especially those with a little moral attached. One founded on the weather tends to comfort a person who has been badly treated: "Now it is wet, now it is fine. A day will come for retaliation." Then again, of lovers they say, "As the owl sighs longingly for the moon." A young and pretty bride they speak of as being "like a sarong not yet unfolded," an apt illustration when one thinks of the bright colors of new sarongs.

Condensed Milk Lacks Water.

Steam emanating from boiling milk if condensed would become water. This may be seen in the manufacture of condensed milk, which is only ordinary milk boiled down until the water is out of it. If a liquid which contains solid bodies in solution be evaporated, the solids are left behind. That this is so may be shown by adding to water that is to be distilled a trace of magenta and a little salt. The distilled water has no taste and is colorless. The magenta is generally deposited upon the sides of the boiling vessel.

Women at Shooting Parties.

Lady "stalkers" are numerous in Scotland, and three or four peeresses have placed quite a large number of splendid "heads" to their credit. The woman who can shoot well and understands the rules regulating sport is always welcome among the members of a shooting party in the covert, and at a moderate range befitting her twenty bore she can be relied upon to bring down the birds as neatly and dexterously as her male neighbors.—Scottish Field.

Huxley on Men.

Professor Huxley once wrote to Mrs. W. K. Clifford about men: "They are very queer animals—a mixture of horse nervousness, ass stubbornness and camel malice, with an angel bobbing about unexpectedly like the apple in the posset, and when they can do exactly as they please they are very hard to drive."

Repudiated the Spelling.

Once while in Pittsburg Andrew Carnegie had a telegram sent and stood waiting until it reached the operator. He listened attentively to the clicking of the key, then immediately wrote a new telegram, as follows: "The other message mine; spelling the operator's."

[illegible]

[illegible] is the Paddle[illegible]er's Object [illegible] Could Be [illegible] in the Side."

Time will not turn back in its flight, but the mind can travel back to the days before baseball or at least to the days before baseball was so well known and before it had become so scientific. There were ball games in those days in town and country, and the country ball game was an event. There were no clubs. The country boy of those days was not gregarious. He preferred flocking by himself and remaining independent. On Sunday afternoons the neighborhood boys met on some well crossed pasture, and, whether ten or forty, every one was to take part in the game. Self-appointed leaders divided the boys into two companies by alternately picking one until the supply was exhausted. The bat, which was no round stick, such as is now used, but a stout paddle with a blade two inches thick and four inches wide with a convenient handle dressed on to it, was the chosen arbiter. One of the leaders spat on the side of this bat, which was honestly called "the paddle," and asked the leader of the opposition forces, "Wet or dry?" The paddle was then sent whirling up in the air, and when it came down whichever side won went to the bat, while the others scattered over the field.

The ball was not what would be called a "National league ball" nowadays, but it served every purpose. It was usually made on the spot by some boy offering up his woolen socks as an oblation, and these were raveled and wound round a bullet, a handful of strips cut from a rubber overshoe, a piece of cork or almost anything or nothing when anything was not available. The winding of this ball was an art, and whoever could excel in this art was looked upon as a superior being. The ball must be a perfect sphere and the threads as regularly laid as the wire on the helix of a magnetic armature. When the winding was complete the surface of the ball was thoroughly sewed with a large needle and thread to prevent it from unwinding when a thread was cut. The diamond was not arbitrarily marked off as now. Sometimes there were four bases and sometimes six or seven. They were not equidistant, but were marked by any fortuitous rock or slough or depression in the ground where the steers were wont to bellow and paw up the earth. One of these telluric cavities was almost sure to be selected as "the den," now called the home plate. There were no masks or mitts or protectors. There was no science or chicanery, now called "headwork." The strapping young oafs, embryonic teachers, presidents and premiers were too honest for this. The pitcher was the one who could throw a ball over the "den," and few could do this. His object was to throw a ball that could be hit.

The paddleman's object was to hit the ball, and if he struck at it—which he need not do unless he chose—and missed it the catcher, standing well back, tried to catch it after it had lost its momentum by striking the earth once and bounding in the air—"on the first bounce." It was called, and if he succeeded the paddleman was "dead," and another took his place. If he struck it and it was not caught in the field or elsewhere in the air or "on the bounce," he could strike twice more, but the third time he was compelled to run. There was no umpire and very little wrangling. There was no effort to put out upon a base runner and touch him with the ball. Any one having it could throw it at him, and if it hit him he was "dead"—almost literally sometimes. If he dodged the ball he kept on running until the "den" was reached. Some of the players became proficient in ducking, dodging and side stepping, and others learned to throw the ball with the accuracy of a rifle bullet.

No matter how many players were on a side, each and every one had to be put out, and if the last one made three successive home runs he "brought in the side," and the outfielders, pitchers and catcher had to do all their work over again. The boy who could "bring in his side" was a hero. No victorious general was ever prouder or more lauded. Horatius at the bridge was small potatoes in comparison. He was the uncrowned king. There were no foul hits. If a ball touched the paddle ever so lightly it was a tick, and three ticks made a compulsory run. The score was kept by some one cutting notches in a stick, and the runs during an afternoon ran into the hundreds. If the ball was lost in the grass or rolled under a Scotch thistle, the cry "Lost ball!" was raised and the game stopped until it was found.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

What a Lie Did.

The madness of suicide as a relief from mental anguish was vividly illustrated years ago by an incident which occurred in an Italian town. Moretti, a tailor, was sent to prison on a charge of fraud. His sweetheart called upon the police officer to ask how long Moretti was likely to be confined and was told that it would be probably for many years. The policeman had been instigated to say this by the girl's mother, who disliked the match. Overwhelmed with grief and thereby driven to despair, the poor girl put an end to her life by poison. A few days later Moretti was released from custody, the accusation against him having been proved false. He returned home to find his affianced bride a corpse. Frenzied at the sight, he, too, destroyed himself. The lie wrought a double tragedy.

A Scotch Tooth.

Dentist (after struggling for twenty minutes in a vain endeavor to extract the tooth)—I must say you—you have the firmest tooth I ever had—to deal with. Patient—I'm in nae hurry. It's graun' practice for ye, an' it'll teach ye that we maun a' work for oor livin'."

HEREDITARY RANK.

Precedence In England as It Struck an American Girl.

I knew a young American girl who, going to England under the care of an ambassador's family and attending her first large dinner party and looking about her, selected as the guest in the room who most interested her one man of distinguished aspect, whom she resolved to watch. When the guests were ushered into the dining hall according to the laws of precedence she found herself at the very end of the brilliant procession as one of two untitled plebeians in the room, assigned to the escort of the very man who had interested her and who turned out to be Samuel Rogers, the poet and patron of art and the recognized head of literary society in England. She always said that she secured two things at that entertainment—namely, the most delightful companion that she ever had at a dinner party and, moreover, a lesson in the outcome of mere hereditary rank that would last a lifetime. Rogers' poems are not now read so much as formerly, but at that time the highest literary honor a man could have was to dine with Rogers. He was also one of the richest bankers in London and was very possibly the only person in the room who had won for himself a reputation outside of his own little island, but he was next to nobody in that company, and the little American girl was the nobody.—Thomas Wentworth Higginson in Atlantic.

SEED IS NATURE'S GEM.

It Is the One Priceless Jewel In Her Treasure House.

In nature's great treasure house the seed is the one priceless gem. Compared to it the great deposits of coal, the mines of silver and gold and of diamonds and precious stones are as nothing. Man counts his wealth in dollars and cents, in mining and railroad shares and in houses and lands, while his primal necessities are limited to food and clothing. Without these all other tokens of affluence are void. These indeed are the sources of true wealth, and the grass of the field supplies them all directly or indirectly.

The cereal grains—wheat, rye, oats, barley, rice and Indian corn—which are the seeds of true grasses, are convertible directly into food. The succulent leaves and culm of the wild grasses furnish sustenance to millions of cattle, sheep and goats and are transformed by them into flesh, milk, wool and hides, thus indirectly providing meat and clothing. They also protect the soil from flood and drought and landslide. Sending their fibrous roots down among the shifting sands of the seashore, they bind the unstable particles into a mass so dense as to check the erosion of the waves. This grass, the synonym of frailty, is able to raise its tiny green scepter against the destructive power of the elements.—Outing.

A Neat Retort.

Dean Farrar, soon after he went to St. Margaret's, Westminster, was dining at Professor Jowett's and toward dessert took up the parable against Dives. His voice rose higher and higher, he spread silence around him, and he was heard thundering out: "What I complain of as a clergyman is that I have to do what no layman has to do. I have to beg and beg in vain. Fashionable ladies come to my church glittering with precious gems, and yet they will not sacrifice one diamond from their grand tiaras in order to save some erring sister from destruction." When he finished the silence grew sultry. All the hearers looked gloomily at their plates. Then Jowett, who had been looking as though he meant mischief, squeaked out, "What I object to as a clergyman is that I have to exaggerate so!"—St. James Gazette.

Death Scenes In Poetry.

Poets are, if possible, worse offenders in the matter of their death scenes than are novelists. A man pulls a two dram vial of some poison from his breast, swallows the contents, proceeds to make a 200 line speech without a pang or a gasp, staggers gracefully backward to a conveniently placed seat, drops upon it, clasps the region of the heart with both hands and dies after a little convulsive movement of the legs. Heart disease, too, carries off heroines in a fashion quite unknown to doctors, and, although it is of the variety known as "broken heart," has characteristics which must not be generally associated with fracture of so important an organ.—British Medical Journal.

His First Shad.

Abner Stone had lived "inland" all his days and knew all there was to be known about pork and beef as articles of food. His acquaintance with the products of the sea, on the other hand, was very slight. Once, however, when at the seashore he was introduced to shad and asked how he liked it.

"Well," said the old farmer, with a brave attempt at a smile, "I calc'late I shell when I get kinder wonted to it, mebbe; but it does seem, jest at fust, ye know, consid'able like tryin' to eat a paper o' buttered pins!"

A Precaution.

A farmer wrote to his lawyer as follows: "Will you please tell me where you learned to write? I have a boy I wish to send to school, and I am afraid I may hit upon the same school that you went to."

How He Won It.

Goodson—It was Lawyer Townsman that won my lawsuit for me. Simply—Why, I thought he was on the opposing side. Goodson—He was.—Tit-Bits.

Waste of Words.

Miss Withers—When Harold kissed me he told me that he loved me. The Friend—What a waste of words!—Town Topics.

We hope nobody ever courted as they do on the stage.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

Impatience and pride have destroyed more souls than wickedness.—Mazzini.

L. K. HOGARTH

has the sole agency for

Hawke's Cut Glass,

the ware that took the Grand Prize at the Paris Exposition.

Fine Stationery
Chamois Skins
Perfumes
Toilet Articles
Rubber Goods
Trusses
Pure Drugs
Medicines

Ladies need our patent dryer after shampooing the hair.

Union and Bell Phones.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House. SMETHPORT.

Fall and Winter Styles

in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.

PATTERN HATS
and
DOMESTICS

In fact everything to please the ladies is shown. Give us a call.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh
Salt or
Smoked
MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

UNDERTAKING
AND
EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

E. W. JONES,
(Successor to F. H. Nourse)

LIVERY & FEED STABLE
Bennett House Barn

First Class Rigs
at Reasonable
Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House.
SMETHPORT, PA.

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find

Just What You Want.

All line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Case, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.
Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

Elwood Gaskin's
NEWS STAND.

A complete stock of newspapers, periodicals and magazines always on hand.
Cigars, Tobacco, Confectionery.
We handle fruits and vegetables in season.
Bell Phone

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable estalishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

A REAL BARGAIN

is not necessarily an article at the lowest price. It is the best for the least money. That is the kind we handle and all goods are backed by our guarantee. Money back if goods are not correct.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

Get the Habit

Sap Brackets,
Sap Spouts,
Syrup Cans,
Tapping Bitts.

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Mch. 3, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Wm. Monheimer has a new clothing advertisement which will interest you.

—Miss Hallie Walker entertained the Soangetahas at a theatre party Monday evening.

—Fashionable dress goods for spring are advertised this week by F. G. Lindholm & Co.

—Shoes for spring and summer are advertised by H. W. Rubin in this issue. See this line before you buy your spring shoes.

—The Emporium Press is 38 years old and under the management of Editor Mullin is well and hearty and chook full of Cameron county news.

—There was a run on the First National Bank of Coudersport last week but as that institution was in excellent condition it gave the bank no trouble.

—Simon Burns, president of the Window Glass Workers' L. A 300, K. of L., has formally announced his intention of retiring from the head of that organization.

—The first meeting of the W. C. T. U., in the month, will be a business meeting beginning with the one on Wednesday, March 9, to which each member is urged to be present. In the M. E. chapel, at 3 o'clock.

—Mrs. George L. Coons slipped and fell from the steps of her residence on Pleasant street, Sunday, breaking her arm. She fainted and when found soon after, her face was frozen in the ice upon the walk. Dr. Roos was retained and the patient is as comfortable as possible. —Wellsville Democrat.

—Robert Dunbar died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. David Hall in Liberty township, on Thursday of last week, aged nearly 84 years. The deceased was one of the oldest and best-known residents of Liberty township, having lived in that vicinity nearly all his life. A host of relatives and friends mourn the loss of a good citizen.

—An advertising periodical says that when one of two merchants in the same line of business advertises and the other does not the latter pays the advertising bill of the former in loss of trade. This is true in a measure; but the gain of the advertiser is not limited to the trade which he wins from the other. His advertising creates trade. It induces people to buy who would not otherwise feel impelled to buy.

—George E. Carroll has been promoted from his late position as station agent at Kersey, Pa., on the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R'y to the more important agency at Smethport, Pa. Mr. Carroll is a young man of whom the people of this village are justly proud, and we are glad to know that his ability is so soon being appreciated by his employers.—Little Valley Hub.

—It will be well for drivers of wagons to remember that all United States mail carriers have the right of way in public highways when on duty. They cannot be driven into the ditch by heavy loaded wagons without violation of the U. S. mail law, and if a collision is made by so doing and the mail delayed it will not be long before a deputy U. S. marshal will be looking for the offender. The law not only applies when meeting a vehicle, but applies to those in front of the mail as well as when the carrier makes an effort to pass.—Ex.

McCOY'S DRUG STORE SUCCESSFUL.

Induced Dr. Howard Company to Make Special Price.

After a great deal of effort and correspondence, McCoy's Drug Store, the popular pharmacy, has succeeded in getting the Dr. Howard Co. to make a special half-price introductory offer on the regular fifty cent size of their celebrated specific for the cure of constipation and dyspepsia.

This medicine is a recent discovery for the cure of all diseases of the stomach and bowels. It not only gives quick relief, but it makes permanent cures.

Dr. Howard's specific has been so remarkably successful in curing constipation, dyspepsia and all liver troubles, that McCoy's Drug Store is willing to return the price paid in every case where it does not give relief.

The old-fashioned idea of dosing with mineral waters, cathartic pills or harsh purgatives will soon be a thing of the past. The best physicans are prescribing Dr. Howard's specific because it really gives the desired results and on account of the small and pleasant dose that is needed.

The Nickel Plate Road Again Selling Low Rate Colonist Tickets to the Pacific Coast.

Tickets on sale every day March 1st to April 30th, at rate of $42.50. These tickets are good in our trans-continental tourist sleepers, and via any route desired beyond Chicago. For full particulars see local agents, or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Nickel Plate Road's New Tourist Sleeping Cars,

If you expect to take advantage of the low colonist rates to the Pacific coast, write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y., for particulars regarding their splendid tourist sleeping cars. They afford a comfortable journey at a very low cost.

HEROIC REMEDIES.

Whipping Was Prescribed at One Time For Insanity and Fits.

Ill health is a bad thing at any time, but 150 years ago it was made more terrible by the remedies in use. Blood-letting, of course, was a simple affair. A writer in Macmillan's Magazine says that everybody was bled twice a year—in the spring and autumn. The barbers were the surgeons and, like wise men, adapted their prices to their patients.

A gentleman who so indulged himself as to go to bed to be bled was charged half a crown and his fine lady half a sovereign. Certain days were unlucky for bloodletting, and nothing would induce the barbers to operate on these occasions. Serious diseases seem to have been beyond the medical skill of the day. Villages and towns simply drove out the infected from their midst.

Among remedies herbs of course played a great part. "For salves," runs an old notebook which had a great vogue, "the country parson's wife seeks not the city and prefers her garden and fields before all outlandish gums." Sage was held a very great medicine. It was even asked in Latin, "Why should any one die who has sage in his garden?" If any one had a disease of the mouth, the Eighth Psalm should be read for three days, seven times on each day. As a remedy it was "sovereign."

For insanity or fits whipping was prescribed. Little wonder that mortality was great. In old days in Wessex, England, persons with infectious diseases were confined in the lockup, and whipping was deemed too good for them. Should the sick be loud in lament, the watchman kept them quiet by this popular discipline, and one town has upon its records, "Paid T. Hawkins for whipping two people that had the smallpox eightpence."

Fortunately the spirit of this age is different from that.

"THE SLEEPLESS ARCH."

Old Hindoo Principle the Basis of All Modern Bridges.

Although the building of great arches of masonry dates beyond the ancient Roman civilization, the principle that gives strength to the massive stone bridges of today is the same that built the bridges of the Roman empire.

The history of bridge building is, to a large degree, the history of the arch, whose efficiency lies in the truth of the old Hindoo saying that "the arch never sleeps" because each separate section of which it consists, beginning at the keystone or central section, is constantly pushing against its immediate neighbors until the pressure finally reaches the firm foundation upon which the structure is erected.

To secure a perfectly trustworthy foundation, therefore, the bridge builder has often to penetrate far below the surface of the earth, and not infrequently the part of his structure thus covered up and concealed is greater than that visible above ground.

It was their inability to solve the problem of a trustworthy foundation that led the ancient Hindoos to distrust the arch, arguing that the sleepless activity that held it together was equally active in tearing it to pieces.

Not only is the modern bridge builder skilled in setting his structure on a firm base, but thoroughly acquainted with the time honored materials for his work, to say nothing of new materials, and an important part of his student training in such modern schools as the Massachusetts Institute of Technology is devoted to methods of testing materials during construction that would have surprised and delighted even the most accomplished of the ancient Roman engineers.

Hurrying Up the Baby.

A correspondent sends us an extract from a poem which recently appeared in a South African paper, thinking we shall approve of its sentiments. We do, we do. The inspired verse is entitled "Making a Man" and begins:

Hurry the baby as fast as you can,
Hurry him, worry him, make him a man;
Off with his baby clothes, get him in pants;
Feed him on brain foods and make him advance;
Hustle him, soon as he's able to walk,
Into a grammar school, cram him with talk;
Fill his poor head full of figures and facts,
Keep on a-jamming them in till it cracks.
—London Review.

A Bargain Hunter.

It was a pleasant looking Irishwoman, says the Philadelphia Ledger, who walked into a store and asked the price of the collars she had seen displayed in the window.

"Two for a quarter," said the clerk.

"How much would that be for one?"

"Thirteen cents."

She pondered; then, with her forefinger, she seemed to be making invisible calculations on the sleeve of her coat.

"That," she said, "would make the other collar twilve cints, wouldn't it? Just give me that wan."

Her Wedding.

"Was it an elaborate wedding?"

"Elaborate!" exclaimed the fair divorcee. "I should think it was. Why, it was so elaborate that you'd think she never expected to have another."—Chicago Post.

Her Construction of It.

Teacher of Class In Grammar—Construe the sentence, "The study of mankind is man." One of the Big Girls—I don't believe it's true. It was a man that wrote that.—Chicago Tribune.

The man to pick out to appreciate the joke you want to tell him is the fellow who is waiting to borrow $5 from you when you get through telling it.—New York Press.

"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING."

$5 for any case of Itching, Outward or Inward Piles, Old Sores, Scaley Head, Poison Oak, Eczema, or any Skin Disease that can't be cured with Dr. Zigg's Silver Leaf Ointment. Just try one box, by mail 50c.

DR. ZIGG MEDICAL CO., Bradford, Pa.
For sale by L. K. Hogarth and J. W. Voorhees

THE WORD "MOB."

How It Worked Its Way Into the English Language.

The word "mob" is an abbreviation. It is nothing but a fragment of the full Latin original "mobile vulgus"—"the fickle common people." First the noun "vulgus" was dropped. "Mobile," coming into common use, was in a few years cut down to "mob." By Swift it was abominated to his dying day as a peculiarly odious kind of slang. Addison sympathized with this feeling. In No. 135 of the Spectator "mob" is put down by him as one of the ridiculous words which he fears will in time be looked upon as part of the speech. There must have been then a host of minor defenders of the purity of our tongue who bewailed its increasing use and pointed to that fact as evidence of the growing degeneracy of the language. But the assailed form stoutly held its ground and outlived its censurers. Addison's fears have been realized. The abbreviation has thoroughly established itself. Accordingly a word which their predecessors stigmatized as a corruption of the vilest kind is now used unhesitatingly by the most precise of modern jurists. The reason of its prevalence is obvious. It came to supply a very genuine want. There is no other single word that conveys definitely the idea of a particular sort of riotous assemblage.—Harper's.

BY HOOK OR BY CROOK.

An Ancient Phrase That Has Many Phases of Meaning.

The phrase "by hook or by crook" may simply refer to an ancient custom which allowed persons to collect for fuel dead wood in the King's forest such as they could break off and remove with "cart, hook and crook."

Some trace its significance—"by foul means or by fair" to the contrasted uses of the footpad's hook or the bishop's crook.

Others remind us of the expression in very early days "by huke o'er krooke"—that is, by bending the knees and cringing low.

Another plausible explanation is that after the great fire of London disputes as to ownership of land were settled by two surveyors whose names were Hook and Crook.

Quite different is the view taken by those who tell us that when Strongbow sailed for Ireland he instructed his men to make their attack by Hook, a promontory northeast of Waterford, or by Crook, a harbor on the south coast.

In any case the phrase is very old, for it was used by Bacon (1530), by Skelton, the poet laureate (1500), and by Chaucer nearly 600 years ago.—Pearson's.

LUNAR SCENERY.

Its Appearance Proves the Moon's Lack of Air and Water.

It is by indirect methods of observation that scientists learn of the absence of atmosphere in the moon. There are various arguments that can be adduced, but the most conclusive is that obtained on the occurrence of what is called the occultation of a star. It sometimes happens that the moon comes directly between the earth and a star, and the temporary extinction of the latter is an occultation. We can observe the movement when it takes place, and the suddenness of the extinction of the star is extremely remarkable. If the moon had a copious atmosphere, the gradual interposition of this would produce a gradual extinction of the star and not the sudden phenomenon usually observed.

This absence of air and water from the moon explains the peculiar and weird ruggedness of the lunar scenery. We know that on the earth the action of the wind and of rain, of frost and of snow is constantly tending to wear down our mountains and reduce their hard outlines, but no such agents are at work upon the moon.

A Typical Bonaparte.

Princess Mathilde was a typical Bonaparte. Beneath the skin of a grande dame there dwelt the soul of a vivandiere. She was generous and tempestuous. Something of a butt in her prime, as a certain rather pronounced passage in Lord Malmesbury's reminiscences shows, she was universally admitted at the same time to possess taste and a knowledge of the arts. It was to her credit, too, that she cared not a snap of her fingers for dynastic disputes. She was on the friendliest of terms with the Duc d'Aumale and is said to have tried, but in vain, to conciliate some of the stiffer branches of the puzzle headed Bourbon family. Altogether, she was a woman who lived every moment of her life.—London Outlook.

Is Brute Creation Wiser?

Every living bird and beast strives its utmost to cram itself with food before retiring for the night, and this food is digested as the night progresses. The evening feed is the feed of the day with the brute creation, and yet doctors tell us to refrain from eating heartily at night and even advise us to retire to rest with a more or less empty stomach. Are we following nature when following this advice?—English Country Gentleman.

Too Good to Miss.

"I suppose the hero and heroine of that story get married in the last chapter?" she said.

"No, divorced," replied her friend.

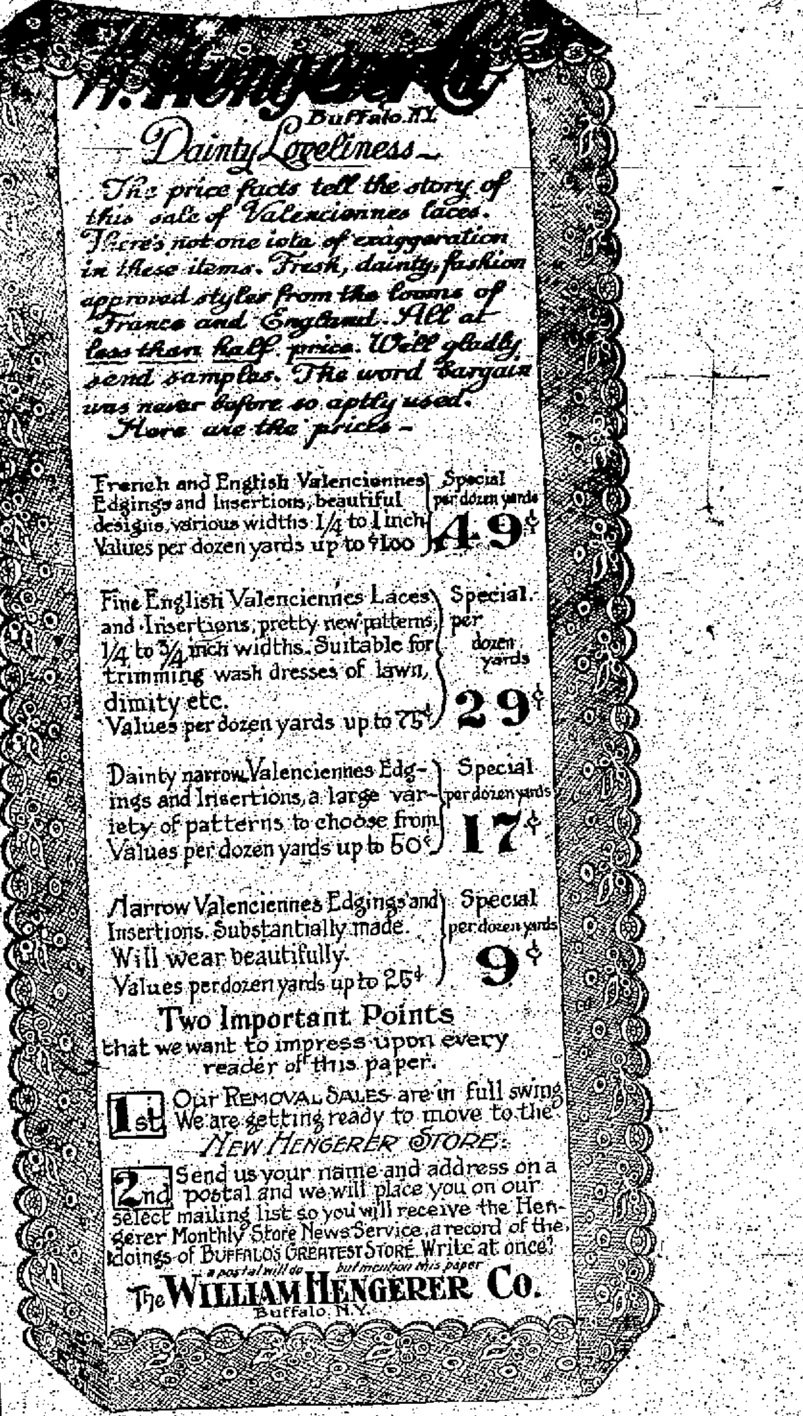
"Oh, how lovely! Will you let me borrow it when you get through?"—Exchange.

Pleased at Last.

"Was your last mistress satisfied with you?" Servant—Well, mum, she said she was very well pleased when I left.—Stray Stories.

"LEROY PLOWS TURN THE EARTH."

Horses and men grow fat, their labor is pleasant and easy, and the results of the labor are highly satisfactory, all because the farmer profited by the experience of his well satisfied neighbors and purchased a "LeRoy Plow." The draft is just right. The turn of the moldboard is found only on the "LeRoy" and is just right. If the "LeRoy Plows" are not all right they will not cost you a cent. Sold by A. T. Palmer, Smethport, Pa.



W. Hengerer Co.
Buffalo, N.Y.

Dainty Loveliness—

The price facts tell the story of this sale of Valenciennes laces. There's not one iota of exaggeration in these items. Fresh, dainty, fashion approved styles from the looms of France and England. All at less than half price. We'll gladly send samples. The word bargain was never before so aptly used. Here are the prices—

French and English Valenciennes Edgings and Insertions, beautiful designs, various widths 1/4 to 1 inch. Values per dozen yards up to $1.00 — Special per dozen yards 49¢

Fine English Valenciennes Laces and Insertions, pretty new patterns, 1/4 to 3/4 inch widths. Suitable for trimming wash dresses of lawn, dimity etc. Values per dozen yards up to 75¢ — Special per dozen yards 29¢

Dainty narrow Valenciennes Edgings and Insertions, a large variety of patterns to choose from. Values per dozen yards up to 50¢ — Special per dozen yards 17¢

Narrow Valenciennes Edgings and Insertions. Substantially made. Will wear beautifully. Values per dozen yards up to 25¢ — Special per dozen yards 9¢

Two Important Points
that we want to impress upon every reader of this paper.

1st Our Removal Sales are in full swing. We are getting ready to move to the New Hengerer Store.

2nd Send us your name and address on a postal and we will place you on our select mailing list so you will receive the Hengerer Monthly Store News Service, a record of the doings of Buffalo's Greatest Store. Write at once! — a postal will do — but mention this paper

The William Hengerer Co.
Buffalo, N.Y.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT. PENNA.

CAPITAL $200,000.00
SURPLUS $45,000.00.

AUTHORIZED BY LAW
to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE
under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited

OFFICERS.
HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.
HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST.

Attention is directed to our store where you will find the best and most complete assortment of

Groceries,
Provisions,
Teas,
Coffees,

and in fact everything to make an up-to-date store.

Hagberg & Sherburne
Smethport Penn'a.

THIS WEEK

We are showing a large and beautiful line of Ladies' Dress Skirts. In these you will find correct styles and a perfect fit. Prices very low.

Any changes made free of charge.

Best grade flannelette, and percale wrappers at reasonable prices.

Millinery is going at cost.

All New Idea Patterns 10c.

The New Idea Magazine 5c.

We give PURPLE STAMPS.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman,
Smethport, Pa.

Absolutely Harmless. Cures on the Spot.
BROMO-PEPSIN
"NOTE THE WORD PEPSIN."
CURES Headache, Sleeplessness, Indigestion and Nervousness.
All Druggists, 10c, 25c and 50c.

C. A. BURDICK
—DEALER IN—
Pianos, Organs and Musical Instruments of all kinds, Wheeler & Wilson Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing old and reliable Fire, Life, Accident and Sickness Insurance Companies.

C. A. BURDICK
Main St. Smethport, Pa.

ACME MILL,
GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF
Flour, Feed, Meal,
Wheat, Corn
Oats, Hay,
Straw, Bran,
Middlings, Hominy,
Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.
Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

Palmer & Vickery
LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.

FOR SALE,
Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.
Smethport Penn.
March 5, 1903.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, March 3, 1904.

Announcement.

FOR CONGRESS.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Representative in the 59th Congress from the 21st Congressional District, subject to the rules of the Republican party.
S. R. DRESSER.
Bradford, Pa., Feb. 2, 1904.

FOR STATE SENATOR.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Senator from the 25th Senatorial District of Pennsylvania, subject to the decision of the Republican party.
MYRON MATSON.
Bradford, Pa., Feb. 3, 1904.

FOR ASSEMBLYMAN.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Representative in the State Legislature, subject to the Republican primaries of McKean county.
J. M. McELROY.
Bradford, Pa., Feb. 8, 1904.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Representative in the State Legislature, subject to the Republican primaries of McKean county.
J. W. CAMPBELL.
Kane, Pa., Feb. 3, 1904.

FOR TREASURER.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
S. D. WEAVER.
Smethport, Pa., Dec. 21, 1903.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican party of McKean county at the primaries.
J. F. DAVIS.
Bradford, Pa., Jan. 4, 1904.

FOR DELEGATES.

I hereby announce my candidacy for Delegate to the Republican State Convention, subject to usages of the Republican party.
W. H. MORRISON.
Smethport, Pa., Feb. 12, 1904.

I hereby announce my candidacy for Delegate to the Republican State Convention subject to usages of the Republican party.
RICK DONOVAN.
Kane, Pa., Feb. 12, 1904.

THE Wisconsin State capitol building, located at Madison, was practically destroyed by fire on Saturday. The loss is estimated at $800,000. A new capitol will have to be built and there is a possibility that the capital may be moved to Milwaukee.

IT is satisfactory to note the gradual inclination on the part of the newspapers of the United States to assume a neutral attitude in dealing with the affairs of the Russia-Japan war. The United States has declared itself neutral in the matter, and there is no particular reason why yellow newspapers should take sides in the question. Japan has always been friendly to the United States. No state of affairs has arisen when it was to Japan's interest to be otherwise. Russia was "a friend in need" to this country not a great many years ago, and although its attitude in Chinese matters has at times appeared antagonistic to the United States, it is readily seen that Russia was acting for her own advantage—something that any nation will do, naturally, when the occasion warrants such a position. The present war is really a big country fighting a small country for territory, which nominally belongs to China. Russia is certainly a land-grabbing, grasping nation, but is doing no more than any other so-called power in the eastern hemisphere would do if they were in Russia's situation. Japan is certainly "game," and under apparent circumstances secures the applause usually accorded a small man fighting a big man.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 27, 1904.

A great calm has fallen upon Republican politicians since the death of Senator Hanna, and the soap bubble character of the various "booms" for president, other than the present occupant of the White House, has been demonstrated. The president is making no special effort to pick out a manager for the coming campaign; a manager hardly seems to be needed. Everything is falling into place like clock work. Mr. Dover, private secretary to Senator Hanna, takes the place made vacant by the resignation of Perry Heath, and for the present prominent Republicans will look after the larger interests of the party. It is now known that Senator Hanna had the most sincere friendship and the highest regard for the president, and that he was not the man to carry a knife up his sleeve. There is no longer a Foraker factional fight in Ohio; if there were any aspirants in that State for Hanna's vacant seat they have generously declined to come forward, and all are willing that Congressman Dick should become the new senator. He is a man of much force of character, who has seen all sides of life, from being the humble keeper of a feed store in the little city of Akron, O., to his present high and honorable position. In the lower house of Congress he will be succeeded by Mr. E. L. Dampson, who has been lieutenant governor of Ohio, and prominent in politics for the last twenty years. As the Buckeye State goes so goes the rest of the world. There is even Republican harmony in New York State, and the three great leaders, Gov. Odell and Senators Platt and Depew, are all agreed, and each is welcome to the confidence of the president. Senator Depew is a candidate for re-election and there appears to be little opposition. Elsewhere in the United States the Republicans are confident, cheerful and united. Much regret is expressed over the news of the serious illness of Senator Quay at his retreat in Florida. But if the worst should prove true his State is overwhelmingly Republican, and can be depended upon to vote solid for the Chicago nominee.

There has been considerable opposition in the house to the proposed large appropriation for the navy, Congressman Burton, Rep., of Cleveland, O., leading. But the bill has passed the house and will pass the senate and will carry nearly one hundred million of dollars. Congress is busy with the appropriation bills, and it is amusing to see how interested senators are in the various items of the Agricultural appropriation bill. The good old farmer of Vermont, Senator Proctor, who cultivates one of the largest marble quarries in the country, has the bill in charge. It will carry between six and seven millions of dollars, every cent of which is for the benefit of those who till the soil, and are the backbone of the nation. The senate is disposed to increase the appropriations for all sorts of experiments, to make divisions into bureaus with an increase of salaries all around, and it has ordered an investigation of the effects of cold storage upon animal flesh and other food products. There are those who believe that much sickness is caused by partaking of meats which have been kept for a long time in cold storage, thawed, frozen and refrozen, as the custom is in Washington. The Smoot investigation will soon begin and witnesses who stand high in the Mormon church have been summoned to Washington to tell what they know about the apostle, who is now a senator. Mr. Reed Smoot is a young man, in appearance more like a traveling man for a ready-made clothing house than a senator. He is tall, thin, not quite at ease, pleasant, but evidently out of place in his present position. He takes a modest part in the proceedings of the senate and is an attentive listener to all the debates.

There are several perplexing complications in the Panama canal job. It has been a great task to select competent and practical engineers who will be willing to work on the spot instead of at arm's length in comfortable offices in Washington. The president is determined there shall be no perfunctory work on this great enterprise and he has scoured the country for the best men who can be found. Those selected give great satisfaction to both parties, and Democrats as well as Republicans, are thanking the president for his independence, wisdom and sagacity. Before the money can be paid to Panama there will have to be Congressional action, since the Spooner act requires that the money shall be paid to the "Republic of Columbia." The suit which Columbia has begun against the French Canal Company must cause delay in the matter of obtaining a clear title to the property. It is expected that one of the first contracts given out by the canal commission will be for machinery to the amount of fifty millions of dollars. This ought to keep a very large number of men employed in the shops for a long time, and with plenty of work there will be prosperity and contentment.

There is delay in handing down a decision by the Supreme Court in what is called the great merger case, which will decide whether the Northern Security is a legal institution or not. It is now stated that the court is taking its time to very carefully go over the whole ground, and may not make public its opinion before the first of March. This is purely conjecture, however, as the court is not in the habit of disclosing its intentions.

It costs so much to govern the 300,000 people who live in the District of Columbia that the commissioners who have the spending of the money raised by taxation are loudly calling for more and devising ways and means to compel the people who have property to shell out. Complaint is made that a vast amount of real estate is now exempt from taxation, and the proposition is to tax it. This includes church property. Rev. Dr. Easton, a prominent Presbyterian divine, and Commissioner McFarland are both in favor of the taxation of church property.

The postoffice conspiracy trial came to an end last evening in this city with a verdict of "guilty as indicted" as to all four defendants, Machen, Lorenz and the two Groffs. It had lasted forty-seven days. Motion was made for a new trial and the prisoners were released on $20,000 bonds each. This will tend, it is hoped, to make robbery by government officers a little less fashionable.

Maxims For All Purposes.

"Remember, my son," said the prudent man, "that a penny saved is a penny earned."

"That's so," replied the reckless youth. "The trouble with me is that I am always getting hold of the wrong proverb. I was thinking, 'Nothing venture, nothing have.'"—Washington Star.

The Terrible Boy.

The Mother—Eunice, was there any kissing in that pantomime you and the others were rehearsing in the parlor last evening? The Daughter—Why, of course. Herbert and I had to kiss, but it was in pantomime.—Johnny—No, it wasn't, mamma. I heard it!—Chicago Tribune.

So Unsentimental.

May—Jane behaves like an old married woman already. Maud—Why, you can't get her to go anywhere without him. May—No; but she can call him up without kissing the phone.—New York Times.

The extravagance of a woman who spends a quarter for chocolate bonbons makes the man who smokes fifty cent cigars a terrible pessimist.—New York Press.

Our Sale is Just Beginning

The old adage—"Large Bodies Move Slowly," illustrates pretty correctly the progress of our sale. Like an engine on the up-grade, we keep the lever open and steam up all the time. The people who buy keep puffing and blowing about the bargains they get. And under the impetus given at the start the big engine of trade runs smoothly each day with steadily increasing momentum. The garments sold since the sale started, Jan. 19 are only a drop in the bucket compared with the number on hand at the start. What have been sold will never be missed. The only way we notice the stock depreciation is by the full cash drawyer. This sale is on yet, and will continue until stock is reduced to normal condition, be the time soon or long. We shall continue to sell overcoats and suits and furnishings and hats for man and boy at cost, and less than cost, and Y-O-U are invited.

IKE SIMONS, BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE 40-48 Main street, Bradford, Pa.

We are sole selling agents for the

Globe-Wernicke and Yauman & Erbe Mfg Co.

sectional Book Cases and Office Devices. We can furnish your house or office complete.

"See Sloan First."

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA

We pay your railroad fare to Bradford and return on every $10.00 purchase.

McCoy's Drug Store.

We carry a full line of
BUTTERICK PATTERNS
EASTMAN KODAKS and SUPPLIES
PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN
TUXEDO STATIONARY
and are headquarters for
PURE DRUGS, MEDICINES,
BOOKS, DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES,
CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

McCoy's Drug Store.

Brasted's For Fresh HOME MADE CANDIES try us.

LYCEUM THEATRE

ONE NIGHT ONLY

Wednesday, March 9.

ENGLAND'S

FAMOUS MOVING PICTURES

PRODUCING A
MODERN AND UP-TO-DATE
CIRCUS PERFORMANCE.

JUST AS SEEN UNDER CANVAS.

Showing the Arrival of Circus Train!
Unloading the Animals!
Putting Up the Tents!
Gorgeous Spectacular Parade!
Menagerie! Feeding the Animals!
Grand Entry!

A REAL CIRCUS PERFORMANCE.

Acrobats! Aerial Artists! Hippodrome Races! Daring and Perilous Chariot Races! Side Show and Concert!

A real circus day in all its splendor by life motion pictures. The only entertainment of its kind now being produced in this country.

A REAL NOVELTY. DON'T MISS IT.

PRICES 25 and 35c.

Clerk's Notice in Bankruptcy.

In the District Court of the United States for the Western District of Pennsylvania. Willett Sheridan Palmer of Smethport, McKean County, Pennsylvania, a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, having applied for a full discharge from all debts provable against his estate under said Act, notice is hereby given to all known creditors and other persons in interest, to appear before the said Court at Pittsburgh, in said District, on the 17th day of March, 1904, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the said petitioner should not be granted.

WILLIAM T. LINDSEY, Clerk.

Shoes! Shoes! Shoes!

That's our business—dealing in Shoes—and we carry a large and complete assortment of fashionable Shoes at prices that are sure to please.

We aim to please all our customers and judging from past experience we believe we do.

If in need of anything in the line of

FOOTWEAR

come in, examine our line and get prices.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.

That Feeling Of Comfort

which we all like comes oftenest to those who are careful in all their affairs. Carelessness breeds discomfort and this is especially true of

Plumbing

work. And the result is the same whether the neglect be yours in not sending for the plumber at the first signs of defect or his in doing careless or inefficient work. If you will send for us in time we guarantee that there will be no discomfort after your job is finished—not even with the bill.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
BOTH PHONES, RUBIN BLOCK, Smethport.

Call Around and Look Them Over.

WHAT?

The finest line of Spring and Summer Shoes on the market. We have all styles in

High and Low Shoes,

both in style and quality, just according to the amount you wish to invest. Be sure and ask to see our High Cut Button Shoe, made of Ideal kid on the Cornell last.

It's Neat and Swell.

We have many others and they are up for inspection.

H. W. RUBIN,

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

SMETHPORT, PA.

When visiting store of

D. C. YOUNG

Do not forget to call for

Purple Trading Stamps.

When your book is full you can get one of the best premiums ever offered for stamps.

AM REDUCING THE PRICE OF MANY

Winter Goods

I have fitted up a bargain counter upon which customers will find many things of interest to them.

Do not fail to look at

Flannelette Wrappers for Women

Have a large lot of them which I have bought very cheap and am selling for cost. Have also a lot of New Spring Goods which were brought before the advance in price of cotton. It will pay you to look at my stock before buying elsewhere. Trading stamps given with every purchase of ten cents or more.

D. C. YOUNG,
SMETHPORT, PA., Jan. 26 1904.

It Will Cost Only One Cent

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport,

STOP! READ! and REFLECT
And then go to
BROWNELL BROTHERS
Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.
AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE
FINEST GROCERIES
TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT
ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. Specht & Sasse.

Fashionable

Dress Goods for Spring.

Attractive Offerings in New, Beautiful Fabrics, Priced for Quick Selling.

Voiles, Crepes de Chine, Albatross,
Scotch Twines, Broadcloths, Etc.

Unusually large showing of Champagne Colors, Light Greys and Mode, in all the most stylish and popular weaves. Also Reds, Browns, Blacks, Blues and Greys in a great variety of shades.

RED STAMPS **F. G. LINDHOLM & CO.** RED STAMPS

THE REDFIELD MANTLE

IS THE LARGEST SELLER IN SMETHPORT.

THAT'S ALL.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner
Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, March 3, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—March came in lamblike but sloppy.

—Chicago is still having its share of labor troubles.

—Note the change in J. C. Hamlin's advertisement to-day.

—Sugar making tools are advertised this week by J. C. Hamlin.

—Mrs. W. O. Herzog entertained the Tea Club last Thursday afternoon.

—The new P., S. & N. time table arrived too late for change this week.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Monheimer, Wednesday, March 2nd, a boy.

—Coming—The Western Star Jubilee Singers, Thursday, March 10th. Popular prices.

—Young Corbett whipped Dave Sullivan in eleven rounds at San Francisco Monday night.

—A break in the gas main caused a short shut down of the Smethport glass factory this week.

—A. B. Armstrong is quite seriously ill at his home on Water street. He is threatened with pneumonia.

—Edinboro Normal has courses in business, music, oratory and art. Illustrated catalogue free. John F. Bigler, prin.

—The Soangetahas were very pleasantly entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Brownell last Friday evening.

—It is estimated that 175 families in Port Allegany are without water on account of service pipes and mains being frozen up.

—Dr. Burg Chadwick has been confined to the house for the past week with a severe cold. He is practically well now.

—See England's moving pictures at the Lyceum next Wednesday evening. This is said to be the best show of its kind on the road.

—The Ladies' Auxiliary of St. Luke's church will hold a cooked food sale at the parish house Saturday afternoon next, from 2:30 to 5 o'clock.

—The choir of St. Luke's church are rehearsing Maunder's celebrated cantata, "Olivet to Calvary," and will render it some time during Lent.

—C. L. Willey has so far recovered from his recent illness as to be able to resume his duties in R. W. Hilton's office, but it will be some time before he will regain his strength.

—Young men and women who desire an education should take advantage of the facilities for study and professional training offered by the Clarion Normal. Spring term begins April 5.

—The Businessmen's Protective Assn. will hold an important meeting at Kerns' hall this Thursday evening. All members and business men are urgently requested to be present.

—The map study of the United States conducted by Miss Millicent Pattison at last Saturday's meeting of the Travelers' Club, is highly spoken of by those in attendance as a clear, concise and careful discourse.

—Thursday, March 10, is the date set for hearing appeals from the triennial assessment for Smethport borough. Those who have complaints to make should do so at the commissioners' office on that date.

—"Prepare ye the the Way" is the topic for next Sunday morning at the Methodist church. "The Mind of the Flesh is Death" is the subject for the evening service which will open with a song service.

—"At Cripple Creek" played to a fair sized audience at the Lyceum Monday. The play is a typical wild west drama and was presented by a better company than is usually seen in such plays. The audience was well pleased with the production.

—The Renovo Evening News claims that "moonshiners" are illicitly making whiskey in Potter county and that several detectives are at work investigating the matter. It is claimed that wood alcohol is one of the principal ingredients of the Potter county product.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 10 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. The subject for the day will be "Spiritual Power through Faith," and "The Dumb Spirit." The men's Bible class meets at 12 m. The subject for next Sunday is "Called Christians First at Antioch."

—A State Line Mills correspondent says: News reached this place of the death of A. W. Georgia of Olean. Mr. Georgia was well known in this place; at one time he owned and operated the old Bullis Mill. He was a pleasant man to meet and one that will be greatly missed by relatives and friends alike.

—C. S. King with a corps of painters and paper hangers are busy in renovating and beautifying the Sartwell House throughout and it will indeed be a pretty place. The Sartwell House is a credit to the town always and has one of the best reputations among commercial men known among first class, high priced hostelries.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—A Warren dispatch of yesterday says: Frank A. Schuman of No. 3 Short street, Gladerun, was so badly burned that he died at 10 o'clock yesterday morning, and Fred Fisher of No. 316 Park street, Gladerun, was seriously, but not fatally, burned in a fire early in the morning which damaged the plant of the Seneca Oil works, situated on the East Side flats near the foot of Carver street, to the extent of $15,000.

—George Weimer, one of the hardy pioneers of Sartwell Creek, passed away at the family home, on Monday, after rounding out nearly four score years and ten. Mr. Weimer was born in Germany in 1816, and came to this country with his parents at the age of 13 years. Mr. Weimer's family being among the early settlers of Roulette.—Port Allegany Argus.

—A fire started in the business district of Rochester last Friday morning which did $2,500,000 damage before the flames were under control. The Rochester fire department was powerless to subdue the flames and assistance was sent from Buffalo and Syracuse. The heaviest loser is the firm of Sibley, Lindsley & Curr, wholesale and retail dry goods merchants. Their loss amounts to about $2,000,000, and the others $500,000. The total insurance is about $2,000,000. The burned district will be rebuilt as soon as possible.

—The Eldred Eagle in speaking of the marriage of Brother Herrick gets off the following bad pun at the expense of we bachelor editors: "Editor Charles Herrick of the Oswayo Valley Mail, was married February 11th, to Miss Bessie Warner, of Ceres. This leaves but two bachelor editors in this vicinity. Pack us up, girls, make a catch on Monday." We do not think we are entirely at fault. Two months of leap year have already elapsed and as yet no fair maiden has exercised her prerogative to remove us from this state of single blessedness. Sealed proposals will be received any time during the current year, we reserving the right to reject any or all bids. A sufficient bond, guaranteeing faithful performance of contract, must accompany all proposals.

Engagements Announced.

Miss Maude Davis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Davis, gave a dinner party last night at 7 o'clock at her home No. 191 Congress street, to 15 friends. At the dinner, announcement was made of the engagement of Miss Davis to Thomas H. Morrison, a well known young attorney of Smethport, and son of Superior Court Judge Thomas A. Morrison. The announcement was also made of the engagement of one of the guests, Miss Carrie Servatius of this city, to Arthur Wright of Port Allegany. A fine course dinner was served. The table decorations were pink and white, and favors of pink carnations were given to each guest. The table, decorated with flowers and candelabra, presented a most beautiful appearance. The guests were: Mrs. S. E. Bell, Mrs. B. H. Redfield, Mrs. Guy H. McCoy, Miss Agnes McCoy, Miss Janette Hamlin, Miss Edith McGuire, Miss Lucy Mitchell, Miss Forrest, Miss Ruth Forrest, Miss Dora Keenan, Miss Helen McCoy and Miss Ethel Gifford of Smethport; Mrs. Gordon Studholme of Port Allegany; Mrs. Ralph Evans and Miss Carrie Servatius of this city. The guests from Smethport returned to their home in the county seat to-day.—Friday's Bradford Star.

Two Deaths.

John Quirk, an old and respected resident of Keating township, died at his home in Irish Hollow yesterday after a prolonged illness. The deceased was born in Ireland and when a young man came to this county and settled on the farm where he died. Mr. Quirk is survived by a large family and many friends who deeply mourn the loss of a kind father and a good citizen and neighbor.

Marie, aged 6 months, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Wade Burdick of this borough, died on Tuesday, March 1st. The funeral services were held at the house this morning at 11 o'clock and the remains were laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Feb. 27, 1904:

Gust P. Anderson, Wm. I. Borden, Mrs. John Kane, Miss Otta Sprague, B. E. Scovell, Harry E. Scovill, William Wolf. Foreign—Domnulin Joan Popcles.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Read This If You Are Going West.

Now is an excellent time to make a trip to the West or Southwest, and for the benefit of those wishing to go to that part of the country to look for farm lands, business locations or for pleasure, the Nickel Plate Road has arranged to sell round trip Homeseekers' tickets at extremely low rates on March 1st and 15th and April 5th and 19th. One way colonist tickets to same territory on same dates. Special one way colonist tickets to principal points in California, Oregon and Washington, at rate of $42.50, on sale every day March 1st to April 30th.

For full particulars see local agents, or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

To benefit those who could not avail themselves of the opportunity of getting Double Trading Stamps on Monday, February 29th, on account of the bad weather, I will give Double Purple Trading Stamps on Saturday, March 5th.

D. C. YOUNG.

Chadwick's Orchestra.

This organization solicits bids for all kinds of parties, receptions, dinners, etc. For terms apply to John E. Chadwick, Manager, Smethport, Pa. Piano furnished when required.

I have a large stock of trunks, suit cases and traveling bags at my usual low prices. Call and see them.

CHAS. LEMMLER.

Wanted—Girl for general housework. Apply at the residence of O. J. Hamlin.

Personal Mention.

Miss Myrtle Hinman left last week for the city to purchase goods.

Dr. and Mrs. Burg Chadwick were Bradford visitors Monday.

Tom Folger of Geneva, N. Y., is visiting his sister, Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin.

Miss Nellie Hoard of DuBois was the guest of Miss Beatrice Elliott over Sunday.

J. L. Morrison left Tuesday for Falsoin, W. Va., where he has secured employment.

Harry Rubin is in New York city this week, buying spring goods for his father's clothing and furnishing store.

Mrs. Gordon Studholme of Port Allegany was the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Holder, several days last week.

Mrs. Folger, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. O. J. Hamlin, for some time, returned to her home in Geneva, N. Y., on Monday.

Mrs. W. J. Kerr, who has been at the bedside of her father in Bradford for the past week, returned home Tuesday, her father being much improved.

Mrs. C. H. Foster of Bradford, who has been visiting relatives in town for some time, left this week for Kansas, where her husband is now located.

Republican Caucuses.

The Republican caucuses for primary elections will be held at the regular polling places in accordance with the rules of the Republican party of McKean county, Saturday, March 26, 1904, between the hours of 4 and 8 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of recommending one person for member of Congress and one person for State Senator and placing in nomination two (2) persons for members of the general assembly of the State Legislature.

One person for treasurer.

One person for coroner.

Three (3) persons for delegates to the State convention.

And for the election in each election district of one person to serve as a member of the county committee for the ensuing year, and that the County Convention be held in the court house in Smethport, on Tuesday, March 29, 1904, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of canvassing the returns of said primaries and transact such other business as may properly come before said convention. By order of the Republican County Committee.

GEORGE PARIS, Chairman.
M. L. WILLIS, Secretary.
Bradford, Pa., Feb. 20, 1904.

New P., S. & N. Time Table.

The P., S. & N. R. R. will make a change in passenger train schedule effective Sunday, February 28th. They will put on about the same service as they had in effect when the through line was first opened up. Smethport people will be very glad to hear of this change. Trains will leave Smethport as follows:

7:00 a. m. for Mt. Jewett.

9:00 a. m. for Eldred and Olean arriving at Olean at 10:15 a. m., making connection with the P. R. R. for Buffalo. This train will also connect at Larabee with the P. R. R. south bound train for Port Allegany and Coudersport.

12:02 noon for Mt. Jewett, arriving at Mt. Jewett at 12:45 p. m., making connections with the B., R. & P. flyer for points south.

2:11 p. m. for Eldred and Olean, arriving at Olean at 3:20 p. m., making connection with the P. R. R. for Buffalo.

5:00 p. m. for Larabee, making connection with the P. R. R. south bound train for Port Allegany and Coudersport.

7:20 p. m. for Clermont and St. Marys.

Sound Reasons for the Nickel Plate Road's Popularity.

In making a long railway journey the two principal points to be considered are Cost and Comfort. The first of these is the least, and the second the greatest, if you select the Nickel Plate Road. For the rates to whatever point you wish to reach are always the lowest via that line. And the degree of comfort is greatest, not only on account of an excellent roadbed and the highest standard of equipment, but from the fact that your welfare is personally looked after throughout the journey.

If you contemplate a trip to any part of the West, full information as to rates, service, etc., will be cheerfully given on application to R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Good Spirits.

Good spirits don't all come from Kentucky. Their main source is the liver—and all the fine spirits ever made in the Blue Grass State could not remedy a bad liver or the hundred and one ill effects it produces. You can't have good spirits and a bad liver at the same time. Your liver must be in fine condition if you would feel buoyant, happy and hopeful, bright of eye, light of step, vigorous and successful in your pursuits. You can put your liver in fine condition by using Green's August Flower—the greatest of all medicines for the liver and stomach and a certain cure for dyspepsia or indigestion. It has been a favorite household remedy for over thirty-five years. August Flower will make your liver healthy and active and thus insure you a liberal supply of "good spirits." Trial size, 25c; regular bottles, 75c. At H. C. Wells'.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Arithmetic

1. Find the interest on $3,180 for 1 yr. 5 mo. 15 ds. at 8%. 2. How many board feet in 50 pcs 3x9—16.

We will give three prizes for the shortest complete solutions. First prize, large arithmetic; second, cash $1; third, cash 50c. Open to all pupils of any school. Give age, name and address, with full solution and mail to Westbrook Academy, Olean, N. Y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c and $1.00 at Druggists

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MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 & $1.50 — BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c

FRY & HERZOG

DRY GOODS, CARPETS, MEN'S FURNISHINGS.

We Give Yellow Trading Stamps.

WASH GOODS.

There's a lot of new weaves and color effects that are mighty pleasing this spring.

We have endeavored to get into our showing a big assortment of all the best novelties in short lengths, thus offering you the special advantage of individual styles which will not be duplicated by your neighbors.

Among the particularly new things you will find Braeburn Poplins, Mandalay Suitings, Fil de Soie, Grecian Voiles, Voile Duchess, Pongees, Swiss Cord Stitch, Waltaan Welts, Premier Tissue, Jasper Suitings, Linen Suitings.

Of course we have a complete stock of all the staple lines of spring and summer wash fabrics.

FRY & HERZOG.

DID YOU SAY SUGAR?

If so we will give you to understand that in Sugar Tools we have everything in Sap Brackets, Sap Spouts, Syrup Cans and everything to supply the sugar maker's want.

It will pay you to consider your wants before the season is upon you, and see what you are going to need. Then come to us; we can supply you with just what you want and the price is right.

No inferior goods to give you trouble. They have all been tested and guaranteed perfect.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE.

Lumber and Hardware

Blacksmiths' and Wagon Makers' Supplies and Fishing Tackle.

We Keep in Stock Everything for a House from Foundation to Chimney Top.

Smethport, Pa. McKean County.

If it is a Nice Suit of Clothes

that you want now is the time and this is the place to get it.

This store never knows a dull season and I am always prepared to serve my customers with the best.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailor

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

Don't Wear Wrinkles

Or freckles or any facial blemishes when with little time and patience you can have a skin as soft and white as a baby's.

We have just received a full line of

TOILET PREPARATIONS

Try our face massage, Orange Cream.

Marbeau's Freckle Lotion is an exquisite toilet dressing.

Milk of Cucumber and Oriental Beautifier or face bleach.

They are the finest preparations made. Just try them and be convinced.

Wells Pharmacy.

Central Block — **THE FAMOUS** CLOTHING STORE. — Smethport Penna.

LIFE IS TOO SHORT for its possessor to wear poor clothes. The nobby

SUITS and TOP COATS

for Spring and summer must be seen to be appreciated. No matter what sort you want, we have it and the prices are as refreshing as the clothes.

A good Suit or Top Coat at from $7.50 to $10.00.

And THE BEST at $12.50.

All those who have worn

WALKOVER SHOES

will tell you that there are none better. We have them. The latest and newest lasts. $3.50 and $4.00.

YOUR MONEY'S WORTH OR YOUR MONEY BACK.

Wm. Monheimer.

NO THOROUGHFARE

By RUTH EDWARDS

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"Well, I never!" Gladys sat down on the bank of the little stream and gazed despairingly at the rustic bridge above her. "If that isn't just like him! 'No Thoroughfare' and the gate locked and too high to climb. Now, what on earth am I to do anyway?"

The whispering wind and the lapping waves gave her no reply, and, pulling a letter out of the front of her blouse, she read it for the third or fourth time that day. It seemed to restore her self confidence. She laughed to herself wickedly. "Hum! Mrs. Graham is a dear, but I fancy I've fooled that conceited Jack of hers. No, thank you; no four mile drive with him. I'm down here, to be sure, but I won't speak two words to him all the time I stay if I can help it. So! Oh, dear, I wish I had a boat!"

As if in answer to her desire a red canoe shot out from beyond the bend and came noiselessly down the river. A man sat in the stern, wielding the paddle with a swift grace. Gladys arose among the long grass and the daisies. Her mind was made up.

"I beg pardon," she called as he came abreast of her. "Can you tell me if there is a way of getting to Mr. Graham's estate except by this bridge? It seems to be closed."

The man in the canoe rested his paddle across his knees and gazed at her admiringly.

"Why, I"— he began, then stopped. "There is an approach by the road," he said, "but it is quite two miles to the other side."

"Oh," she said, "I know! But I've walked so far already." She glanced ruefully down at her dusty patent leather ties.

"Would you allow me?" he asked eagerly. "I could take you across in my canoe."

She blushed charmingly. "I hate to trouble you."

"I assure you it would give me the greatest pleasure," he said, with another admiring glance.

With a dextrous stroke or two he brought the graceful little craft up to the bank and landed. He was tall and brown and broad shouldered, and as he stood looking down at her he saw a little slender girl with the longest eyelashes that ever drooped over a pair of gray eyes, in a dark blue foulard, bareheaded in the golden sunlight, a big black hat held in one hand. On her forehead and around her ears danced little truant wisps of curly hair.

He helped her into the canoe and piled the gay cushions at her back, then stepped in after her.

"Where are you going?" she asked as he pointed the canoe up stream. "I understood you to say you would take me across," she added, with some stateliness.

"That's such a nasty place to land," he replied apologetically. "It's much better a little farther up."

His dark eyes sought hers, and they both laughed. It was obvious to the most casual observer that the sloping shore on the other side was most admirably adapted for beaching the canoe.

"You seem well acquainted with the river," she said demurely. "Do you know the Grahams?"

He did not answer immediately.

"Yes; charming woman, Mrs. Graham," he admitted at last.

"Oh, yes; lovely. It's a pity her son doesn't take after her," Gladys replied, with high scorn.

Her companion grinned. "It's evident you know him," he said.

"Well, I haven't seen him in years, but when I saw him last he was absolutely the most disagreeable, most conceited and altogether most hateful boy I ever came across." Gladys sat up quite straight among her cushions with a sudden energy.

"Poor Jack!" murmured her companion. "Still, if you haven't seen him for years it isn't impossible that he has improved."

"Improved! Well, I'm sure I hope so. There certainly was room for improvement. But I don't believe he has. The idea of shutting people out by locking up that bridge the way he has! It's just like him. So afraid any one would get into his domains. Just as though any one with sense would want to."

"Exactly. But possibly he wants to keep out that class of people supposed to be braver than angels, you know."

"Fools?" she questioned. Then they both laughed again.

"You're not very polite," she said.

"How can you expect me to be sympathetic when the bridge being locked has given me this pleasure?"

"Oh!" she exclaimed, with incredulous eyes. "Anyway, I forgive you. But if I'd had my way I shouldn't have been here at all."

"Now, it's you that are impolite," he said.

"Yes, and ungrateful," she admitted frankly. "It's simply lovely out here. It's the only pleasant thing about the whole trip. Goodness, if you only knew how I hated to come! I wept day and night for weeks. But mother was adamant."

He looked at her appreciatively, wondering how any human being could be proof against eyes like those filled with tears.

"Mothers are inconsistent at times," he said. "Mine, for instance, has been systematically indulging and spoiling me all my life and now has taken it into her head that I must marry a girl she had picked out for me whether I want to or not."

"Why, that's just the question on which mother and I differed," Gladys gasped. "She and his mother arranged it all years ago, it seems, and he's unmanly enough to keep her to her word, though he must know I hate him. You wouldn't find a girl doing a thing like that!"

"Wouldn't you, though? This particular young lady of whom I speak is of so clinging a disposition that, according to my mother, she will never know happiness unless I brace up and woo. Why in thunder she should be in love with a man she hasn't seen since she was a child is more than I can conceive!" He paddled angrily for a moment. Then once again his eyes met hers, and they laughed.

"We seem to be figuratively as well as literally in the same boat," she remarked. "The thought makes me quite fond of you."

"Ah, if I could but believe you in earnest!" he sighed, with exaggerated gallantry.

She darted him another look from under her lashes.

"Weren't you smoking when I called to you?" she asked presently. "Why, there's your pipe. Do let me fill it for you. I love to fuss with pipes."

"It's all I need to complete my happiness!" he assured her as he handed her his pipe. "My pouch is in the left hand pocket of my coat. Can you get it? It's right behind you there."

She leaned back and secured the thin serge coat, rummaged in his pocket and brought forth a chamois pouch elaborately embroidered with the initials "J. G." in crimson. She looked at the inscription for a moment, then at its owner.

He watched her as she pressed the tobacco into the bowl with a delicate thumb. "There," she said as she handed it to him. "Lean over, and I'll light it for you."

She shaded the sputtering match with her hand and applied the flame to the tobacco. Her face was very near his, and it was a face to set a man longing.

She settled herself once more among the cushions. "Isn't this comfy?" she sighed, with satisfaction. "When I remember that walk from Digby in all the dust, I can't realize it's me!"

"Great Scott! Did you walk from Digby?"

"Yes. You see, they wrote that a certain person would meet me at Grahamsford, so I got out at Digby and walked. Anything was better than a four mile ride with—the person who was coming to meet me. That's why I'm here."

"What a coincidence!" he exclaimed as he knocked the ashes from his pipe. "At this moment I am supposed to be driving home from Grahamsford with a young lady whom I didn't want to meet. That's why I'm here!"

She was busy watching the ripples that followed the canoe.

"It appears to me our mothers have been fibbing," she said musingly.

"Bless their hearts!" he exclaimed fervently. "I forgive them, don't you? Besides, I am just discovering that your mother at least spoke the truth. And I mean to be obedient in all things from this time forth forever more," he added boldly.

"Amen," she said, with mock solemnity. "But how self sacrificing!" Then, with a look that set his heart beating, "Well, I will not be outdone in filial devotion." Her lashes flickered against her reddening cheek. With one stroke he beached the canoe among the shadows of the trees.

An hour later Mrs. Graham came to meet them down the long avenue bordered with oaks.

"My dear children!" she cried joyfully. "I see it is all right. I knew that ride from the station would be just the thing."

The Stem Winder.

When Michael McGurck was a longshoreman Mrs. McGurck took in washing and called herself a "washer lady," but when Mike became a stevedore and gathered together the emoluments of his bossing his wife put on airs and decided that her two daughters should be educated and marry millionaires. Bridget McGurck found it somewhat difficult to induce "fine people," as she called them, to invite her girls to their parties. Once she got them in at a "social" and went with them as chaperon, dressed in a stunning sea green silk with red trimmings.

They had decided to get there early and not miss anything to be seen of "sassiety." Other guests were, as usual, late in arriving, and one lady of very humble lineage fidgeted nervously till Mrs. McGurck beamed upon her and said it was "a foine avenin'." And, the ice being broken, the nervous lady asked the lady in green the time. That lady felt around her corpulent anatomy and with a sigh of regret and a look of sadness said:

"Begorra, ma'am, I'm sorry, but I've left the self feeder at home."—New York Herald.

Misunderstood.

This illustrates the way in which children are misunderstood:

A car, crowded full of people, a little girl squeezed down in one corner among bundles and looking over the top of a bandbox containing a dress for a fashionable lady uptown—a poor, little, hair pinched up, shriveled little girl.

In walks a fashionable young woman, superbly dressed, and bounces herself down on a seat. This little girl keeps her eyes on this young woman; never takes them off. The young woman gets a little restive about it. Finally as she starts to get out she says:

"The next time a lady gets into the car I'll thank you not to stare her out of countenance."

The little girl says, "Ah, miss, I was only thinking how beautiful you were."—Schoolmaster.

THE MINER and
TRIBUNE FARMER
one year for
$1.25 IN ADVANCE.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say: "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price, 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

FAMOUS FOR FAT.

Daniel Lambert, Who Died In 1809, Got Too Obese to Wabble.

The fame of Daniel Lambert as a champion among fat men in England, if not in the world, still remains unrivaled. Daniel was born at Leicester in 1770 and died in 1809 at Stamford. The grandson of a celebrated cockfighter and addicted to sport throughout his life, his dimensions were not extraordinary, and his habits were not different from those of other lads until he was fourteen years old. When twenty-three years of age, however, he turned the scale at thirty-two stone, and, although he is recorded to have been then able to walk from Woolwich to London, at the time of his death, in his fortieth year, he had attained the prodigious weight of fifty-two stone, or 728 pounds, and was more or less helpless. He was a modest man, and when he had achieved physical greatness fame was thrust upon him. He was for a long time unwilling to be made a show of, but he gained a more than local reputation, and people traveled from far to see him, resorting to various devices in order to be allowed to do so. At length the prospect of profit overcame his resolution, and for four years before his death he exhibited himself in London and in the provinces.

He was apparently a man of some wit, for once, before he permitted the public to gaze upon him, an inquisitive person had gained access to his presence by pretending to be a fellow sportsman interested in the pedigree of a mare, whereupon Lambert promptly replied, "She was bred by Impertinence out of Curiosity." Before the days of Daniel Lambert, Edward Bright of Malden was a well known fat man, although his name no longer lingers as a household word. He died in 1750 at the age of thirty years, weighing forty-two stone and seven pounds, and is stated to have been an active man till a year or two before his death, when his corpulency so overpowered his strength that his life was a burden and his death a deliverance. Both Bright and Lambert seem to have been genial, good humored fellows and very popular among those who visited them. Indeed popularity seems to be the lot of the corpulent in fact as well as in fiction. The heroes of fiction, however, have the advantage in the matter of lasting glory, and the names of Daniel Lambert and the fat boy of Peckham sink into insignificance beside those of Falstaff and the fat boy in "Pickwick."—London Standard.

Applied Science.

When James Russell Lowell was minister to England, he was guest at a banquet at which one of the speakers was Sir Frederick Bramwell. Sir Frederick was to respond to the toast, "Applied Science." It was long after midnight when the toast was proposed, and several speakers were still to be called. Rising in his place, the scientist said:

"At this hour of the night, or, rather, of the morning, my only interest in applied science is to apply the tip of the match to the side of the box upon which alone it ignites and to apply the flame so obtained to the wick of a bedroom candle."

A moment later Lowell tossed a paper across the table to him bearing these two lines:

Oh, brief Sir Frederick, would that all could catch
Your happy talent and supply your match!

—Youth's Companion.

A Pair of Misers.

Mr. and Miss Dancer were reputed the most notorious misers in the eighteenth century. The manner in which this couple were found after death to have disposed of their wealth was even more strange than could have been their method of acquiring it. The total value was £20,000, which was thus disposed of: Two thousand five hundred pounds was found under a dunghill, £500 in an old coat nailed to the manger in the stable, £600 in notes was hidden away in an old teapot, the chimney yielded £2,000 stowed in nineteen different crevices, and several jugs filled with coin were secreted in the stable loft.

England's Magna Charta.

That shriveled parchment, the charter of English freedom, was saved, it is said, by the verlest chance from the scissors of a merciless tailor. Struck by the great seals attached to a piece of paper the tailor was cutting up, Sir Robert Cotton stopped the man and gave him fourpence for the document he would have destroyed. It is now in the British museum, lined and mounted and in a glass case, the seal a shapeless mass of wax and the characters quite illegible.—London Mail.

Said Maid to Mistress.

"Where have you been, Jane?"

"I've been to a meeting of the Girls' Friendly society, ma'am," was the maid's reply.

"Well, what did the lady say to you?"

"Please, ma'am, she said I wasn't to give you warning, as I meant to. She said I was to look upon you as my thorn—and bear it."—New Yorker.

Willingness.

"But, would you die for me?" persisted the romantic maiden.

"I would," replied the frank and elderly suitor. "Even now I am using a high priced preparation warranted to restore hair to its original color."—Detroit Free Press.

That Musical Ear.

Praxiteles—You perhaps wouldn't think it, but De Pounder, the musician over there, plays entirely by ear. Fiacre—Is it possible? Is that what makes 'em so large?—Tit-Bits.

A hair in the head is worth two in the brush.—Boston Christian Register.

THE MINER and
Tri-Weekly Tribnne
one year for
$2.00 IN ADVANCE.

A DOUBLE RESURRECTION.

Each of the Generals Thought That the Other Was Dead.

General Barlow of the Union army fell wounded and, it was thought, dying during the first day of the battle of Gettysburg and within the Confederate lines. General Gordon, cantering by, saw him and recognized him. Dismounting, he approached the prostrate man and inquired what he could do for him.

"I am dying," said Barlow. "Just reach into my coat pocket, draw out the letter you find there and read it to me. It is from my wife."

Gordon read the letter.

"Now, general," said Barlow, "please destroy that letter. I want you to notify her—she is in the town over yonder —what has happened to me."

"I will," replied Gordon.

He sent for Mrs. Barlow, giving her safe conduct through the southern lines, and then rode away, certain that Barlow's death was a question of only a few hours at most.

But Barlow did not die. His wife came promptly and had him removed to the town of Gettysburg, where she nursed him so faithfully that he recovered.

Many years passed until one night both generals were guests at a dinner in Washington. Some one brought them together and formally introduced them. Time had altered the personal appearance of both.

"Are you any relation to the General Barlow who was killed at Gettysburg?" asked Gordon.

"Yes; a very near relation," answered Barlow, with a laugh. "I am the very man who was killed. But I have been informed that a man named Gordon lost his life in battle later on. He saved my life at Gettysburg. Are you any kin to that man?"

"I am he," was the reply.

Both heroes laughed as they gave each other a heartier handshake.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

IF YOU ARE WELL BRED—

You will try to make others happy.

You will not be shy or self conscious.

You will never indulge in ill natured gossip.

You will never forget the respect due to age.

You will think of others before you think of yourself.

You will not swagger or boast of your achievements.

You will not measure your civility by people's bank accounts.

You will be scrupulous in your regard for the rights of others.

In conversation you will not be argumentative or contradictory.

You will not forget engagements, promises or obligations of any kind.

You will never make fun of the peculiarities or idiosyncrasies of others.

You will not bore people by constantly talking of yourself and your affairs.

You will never under any circumstances cause another pain if you can help it.

You will not think that "good intentions" compensate for rude or gruff manners.—Success.

Jewelry and Magic.

Finger rings, earrings, bracelets, brooches and other articles of personal adornment originated not from the esthetic sense of our remote ancestors, but from their belief in magic. Even civilized men today sometimes entertain a superstitious regard for small stones and pebbles of peculiar shape or color and carry them about as charms. The Greeks and Asiatics used stones, beads and crystals primarily as amulets and cut devices on them to enhance their magical power. The use of such stones as seals was secondary and may at first have been for sacred purposes only. When a primitive people first find gold they value it only for its supposed magic and wear nuggets of it strung with beads.

Derivations of Some Common Words.

One remembers how on the 15th of June, 1215, King John signed the great charter of the constitutional freedom of Britain and how after he had signed it he flung himself in a burst of fury on the floor and gnawed the straw and rushes with which the floors of those days were strewn. Now, what was "charta?" Originally nothing more or less than a sheet of papyrus strips glued together as writing paper. So it is to the Egyptian reed that we owe our "charters," "charts," "cards," "cartes" (blanche and de visite), our "cartoons" and our "cartridges."—London Chronicle.

Accurate.

"Sir," says the Boston reporter, "our office is informed that your purse was stolen from you last night. Is there anything in it?"

"Not by this time, doubtless," answers Mr. Emerson Waldo Beenceeter, relapsing into an attitude of perturbed meditation.—Judge.

Advanced.

"You say that Lord Fucash's social position has improved since he married a rich American girl?"

"Yes, indeed. Formerly he was only a nobleman, but now he belongs to our heiresstocracy."—Exchange.

Particular.

"What sort of money will you have, Mrs. Mumm?" asked the cashier when that lady presented a large check for payment.

"Sterilized," replied Mrs. Mumm.—Life.

Winter.

Yeast—When we got real cold weather, they say we are getting a taste of winter. What is the taste of winter? Crimsonbeak—Why, it's when it is bitter.—Yonkers Statesman.

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Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport
Memb r of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mays, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. P. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, and Leon Curtis.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hogberg, president; Miss Teva Raymer, secretary; G. B. Mayo, treasurer; W. A. Ostrander, H. H. Redfield, J. H. Rooney, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Ramer.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—J. A. Holder.
Auditors—G. H. McCoy, C. C. Choate.
Judge of Election—G. A. [illegible]ackus.
Inspectors of Election—C. H. Burlingame, F. F. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
W. A. ANDOFFER, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WM. FUNCHEON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Halll, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rc. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
SAMUEL GREEN, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING, S.c'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M.
MRS. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
L. F. WILCOX, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elisabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 29, 1903.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday 9:12 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:34 p. m.

*Train leaving Smethport 2:34 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.
Train 122, week days .... 11:09 a. m.
Train 126, week days .... 7:12 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south;
Train 121, week days .... 9:12 a. m.
Train 123, week days .... 2:34 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

6:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore, and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

[illegible] p. m.—Train [illegible], daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:23 a. m., New York 7:23 a. m., Baltimore 2:20 a. m., Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:05 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays,) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:15 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days, a. m. Sundays), Baltimore a. m., Washington 8:40 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH		SOUTH
A. M. Lv.	STATIONS	Ar. P. M.
9 35	Ridgway	12 01
9 50	Johnsonburg	11 49
10 17	Glen Hazel	11 27
10 16	Straight	11 18
10 20	Instanter	11 15
10 26	Smith's Run	11 09
10 34	Woodvale	11 02
10 40	Clermont	11 00
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 8, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:52 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206; leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in Effect May 17, 1903.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south, and with the Penn'a. R. R. for points east and west.

10:15 a. m.—Train to Kane, Bradford and intermediate points, making close connections at Kane with P. R. R. train No. 3, for Warren, Irvineton, Corry, Union City and Erie.

4:40 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Kane with P. R. R. for Wilcox, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Emporium, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia.

Trains arrive at Smethport at 9:30 a. m., 3:40 p. m. and 8:40 p. m. daily except Sunday.

For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. Cummons, Ticket Agt. Smethport.

A. B. CAMPBELL,
Gen'l Passenger Agent,
Bradford, Penn'a.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Effective Dec. 27, 1903.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:54 a. m.—For Olean and intermediate stations, connecting with P. R. R. for points north.

12:00 m.—For Mt. Jewett and intermediate stations, arriving at Mt. Jewett at 12:59 p. m.

5:22 p. m.—For Angelica and intermediate stations, arriving at Angelica at 8:00 p. m.

7:30 p. m.—For St. Marys and intermediate stations, arriving at St. Marys at 9:20 p. m., connecting with P. R. R. for the east.

Trains arrive as follows: From St. Marys, 8:54 a. m. From Olean 12 m. and 7:30 p. m. From Mt. Jewett at 4:15 p. m.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

B. E. MARONEY, General Supt.
C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.
St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward.			STATIONS.	L'v Westward.		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar. Dp.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.19
7.46	o	1.57	Carpenter	o	2.34	9.22
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'ld June	7.37	2.42	9.32
o	o	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	o
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.55	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.03	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	o	1.05	N. Couds'pt	o	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.13	Ar. Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.20
o	o	12.13	Hammond	o	o	o
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	o	11.59	Knowlton	o	6.17	o
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	o	11.41	Coleman	o	6.34	o
3.20	o	o	Chem. Wrks	o	o	o
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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WASHINGTON D. C.

Little Sister

... By ...

F. B. WRIGHT

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure.

"Aren't you going to answer my question? Won't you take me with you?"

Clifford Vane turned with surprise as he heard the voice. A girl with deep brown eyes and hair in which there was a tint of gold was standing beside the boat, her skirts blown out against her slender figure. The fluttering sail had made so much noise that Vane had not heard the girl before. He frowned unconsciously, for he was in no humor for company.

"It's too rough today. There's a nasty sea running, and you'll get wet through," he answered.

"As if I cared for that! And if it's so rough why do you venture out?"

"Because I want to. Because it suits my mood."

The words sounded rude, but Marjorie Whithrop knew from the intent expression on Vane's face as he gazed out on the black clouds, the sullen green water of the bay and the wind blown whitecaps that he was speaking more to himself than to her.

"And if it suits my mood?"

"You with moods, child?" Vane said wonderingly. "What can you know of thoughts black enough to suit with such a day. Go back to your dolls or read your pretty fairy love stories and believe in their truth as long as you can," he added bitterly.

"You think because I'm only seventeen I'm not to feel and think."

"Think only of pleasant things."

"But if the day suits me it is pleasant. Please take me."

"What will your mother say?"

"She won't care. She only thinks of Edith. If it was Edith, now, it would be different, but I'm not such a valuable cargo. No one will bother about me."

There was a quaver in the girl's voice that made Vane look at her. She was looking out over the yeasty water with misty eyes and set mouth.

"All right," said Vane after a moment's hesitation. "I'm in a reckless mood. Let fate take care of us. What will be will be. Jump in."

* * * * *

It was a gusty day, and the boat was light for such weather. [illegible] most under water, [illegible] every now and then dipping her nose into the rollers, [illegible] a shower of spray in a fine rain. Vane had all he could do to manage her and for a time forgot his companion and almost his gloomy thoughts in the grim pleasure of his contest with wind and storm lashed sea. It was Edith Winthrop he was thinking of, the woman who had led him on to love her and then thrown him over for another man. Edith did not care. Every one must be sacrificed for her amusement—yes, even this child, her sister. At the thought he glanced at the girl where she sat poised out to windward, like some spirit of the sea, her hair blowing in the wind, her cheeks aglow with excitement, her eyes fixed with a far away look on the horizon. Vane had never noticed how pretty she was before. He had always thought of her as a mere child, and, lo, she was a woman. What was she thinking of? he wondered.

As if in answer to the question, Marjorie turned and met his eyes for an instant and then looked away.

"You've heard of Edith's engagement?" she said.

"Yes," answered Vane, setting his teeth hard. "I only found it out today."

"I knew it weeks ago. You thought she cared for you?"

"Yes."

"You might have known she didn't. Van Alstyne is a richer man than you—in money. It's wealth and power she wants, and attention and adulation. Love! She doesn't know what it means. And you thought she had a heart!" cried the girl. "This sea has more."

"I know it now," said Vane, "when it's too late."

"And you—can you care for her still?" asked Marjorie after a silence.

"Yes—at least I care for the ideal I thought her."

"What did you think her?"

"Brave, courageous, noble hearted, with a soul as beautiful as her body, a comrade for a man, to face with him the storms of life, a woman tender and true, to fight for and dare for. I would have tried to give her everything she wanted. No man can love her as I do—and now"— Vane laughed bitterly as an ending to his sentence.

"Why did you come out today in this gale?" said Marjorie. "Is your life so worthless to you that you would risk it because a thoughtless woman has wounded you?"

"My life! What does it matter? I don't care."

"I thought you didn't," returned the girl gravely. "I knew you didn't. That's why I came. I couldn't let you come alone."

"And you came because you thought"—

"You would be reckless? Yes."

"And you were not afraid?"

"No. Why should I be? I knew you would take care of me—if not of yourself." The girl smiled at him confidently. "I am perfectly safe with you," she added.

So Marjorie had risked her life for him, so that in his desperate humor he should not go alone. But how came she, a mere child, to understand? She, at least, had a heart to make some man happy. And here he was putting her life at the mercy of the sea to gratify his selfish mood of bitterness. Well, he must get her home at once—then—Van thought he did not much care what happened afterward.

It was blowing harder as Vane came about and slacked the sheet for the run to the far distant boathouse and the hotel on the hill. They were going before the wind now, the boat rolling dangerously in the clutch of the sea, the waves behind following with hungry jaws and threatening every moment to engulf them.

With braced body and strained muscles, every sense alert, Vane gripped the tiller, striving to hold the boat against the swirling buffets of the waves, his one thought to get her safe to land. Every moment the wind increased, every moment the bay became more tumultuous. Would they make it? he wondered.

They were nearly opposite the boathouse when there came a sudden whirl of wind from between the hills ahead. Vane had but time to cry a warning when the sail jibed, the boom came swinging over with an angry snarl, the boat was flung upon her beam ends, and the next moment he found himself entangled in cordage and battling for his life beneath the waves. With desperate fingers he cleared himself and came to the surface. And Marjorie—where was she? Good God! Had she been struck by the boom and made unconscious or killed, or had she, too, been carried down by the sinking boat?

For an agonized moment Vane could see no sign of her, and then he spied her just coming to the surface. She was going down again when he caught her and started for the shore. It was a long swim against a tide that seemed to drag him down as if with clutching hands, but Vane swore he would save this girl who had risked her life for him or lose her own. He could see people running to the boathouse now and getting out the boat. How slow they were! Would they never come? His muscles were giving out, his breath came heavily, his limbs felt like lead. Could he hold out? They were wearing fast now. He tried to revive his failing strength, to overmaster his weakness. The world grew black before him, and then a strong arm gripped his shoulder, and he and Marjorie were lifted into the boat and rowed toward shore.

* * * * *

In those days afterward, while Marjorie hovered between life and death Clifford Vane learned how much he could do for this girl, this girl he thought was a child and never knew to be the woman in all the world for him. Gone was his love for Edith Winthrop. He knew now that he had in her sister all that Edith had seemed and more. And there came a day when he was permitted to see her.

He found her on a sunny piazza of the hotel clad in a soft blue wrapper, her soft hair loose on her shoulders, and the smile her pale face held for him gave him hope that in saving her he had found happiness.

He Didn't Forget.

Many years ago, writes Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich in "Ponkapog Papers," a noted Boston publisher used to keep a large memorandum book on a table in his private office. The volume always lay open, being the receptacle of nothing more important than hastily scrawled reminders to attend to this thing or the other.

It chanced one day that a very young, unfledged author, passing through the city, looked in upon the publisher, who was also the editor of a famous magazine. The unfledged had a copy of verses secreted about his person. The publisher was absent, and young Milton sat down and waited.

Presently his eye fell upon the memorandum book, lying there spread out like a morning newspaper, and almost in spite of himself he read: "Don't forget to see the binder," "Don't forget to mail E. his contract," "Don't forget H.'s proofs," and so forth.

An inspiration seized upon the youth. He took a pencil and at the tail of this long list of "don't forgets" he wrote, "Don't forget to accept A.'s poem."

He left his manuscript on the table and disappeared. That afternoon when the publisher glanced over his memoranda he was not a little astonished at the last item, but his sense of humor was so strong that he did accept the poem—it required a strong sense of humor to do that—and sent the lad a check for it, although the verses remain to this day unprinted.

Still Wanting.

Old Simon, as we will call him, is quite a character in his way. He believes in asking for a thing until he gets it, and then—well, he is immediately in need of something else. He has lived on the same estate all his life and until quite recently he was paying a merely nominal rent—£1 a year for the small cottage he occupied.

Simon, however, wasn't quite satisfied. Whenever he paid an installment of his rent he called his master's attention to the fact that this thing wanted doing and that thing wanted doing to the property. At length Simon's master decided on a bold move. The next time Simon turned up with the quarter's rent and the usual list of suggested repairs the owner was prepared to meet him.

"Look here, Simon," he remarked. "I've been thinking the matter over, and in recognition of your long and faithful service I'm going to make you a free gift of the cottage you live in. From this moment it's yours to do as you like with. Now, what do you say to that?"

"Thank 'e, sir—thank 'e," returned the old fellow. "An' now, sir, what about that bit o' paint for the back door? Ye'll throw that in, o' course?"—London Answers.

A COMIC TRAGEDY.

The Audience Was Ready, but the Show Was Tangled Up.

John Banvard, who afterward became famous as the painter of a great panorama of Mississippi scenery, set out in his boyhood, in the early thirties, to travel down the "Great Water" in a flatboat with a number of companions. They built their boat on the Wabash and were to pay their way by exhibiting diorama views in the cabin at landings. Unfortunately the candlelights were not then shining through the sycamores along the Wabash, and before the adventurers reached a settled region they ran out of provisions. In the woods they could find nothing but papaws, luscious at first, but quickly cloying.

For two days, wrote the sixteen-year-old Banvard, we had nothing whatever to eat but those awful papaws. The very sight or memory of one made me shudder. Then on a joyful, sunny afternoon, we approached Shawneetown, Ill., on the Ohio river, where we were advertised to exhibit. As we came in we could see on the bank a crowd of people. Some carried chickens, some eggs, some yams, some potatoes, some "side meat" (bacon) and some cornmeal. Our dinner was in sight, for all those things were intended as payment for admission at the door, and all were "good."

Our stomachs hungered, and our mouths watered for the feast; but, alas, we were too eager. Working our boat toward land, we ran upon a reef and stuck fast. Every effort to set us free failed. Darkness came on, and before our eyes our "house" disbanded and went home, carrying our supper with them.

Discouraged and forlorn, we turned to our bag of papaws for what consolation we could find and then went to sleep. In the night we floated free and at daylight were in the woods again eight miles below those luscious provisions. That was one of the most awful tragedies of my life.—Youth's Companion.

DOMESTIC NEGLECT.

The Tragedy of Little Things That Are Left Undone.

The judge and spectators in a Kansas City court room laughed when a husband testified that his wife gave him only "mechanical kisses."

Then the lawyers argued many minutes to the question, "What is a mechanical kiss?" They decided that it was a salutation given only through a sense of duty, and then they laughed some more.

They didn't go far enough. They might have called it a tragedy.

With most women affection lasts. It burns as strongly in old age as in golden youth. A caress means a world of joy to them.

Some men forget. They grow careless. Carelessness is often a species of selfishness. Once it was a privilege to press a lover's kiss on the lips of a wife at the door when leaving in the morning, again as a warm greeting that always marked the homecoming at night.

And one morning the man forgot the caress and lost himself in business. And a shadow fell on a romance, and the woman wept. She tried to be brave and sensible. She tried to laugh at the silly fear that he didn't care for her. She assured herself a hundred times that it was such a little thing and that it was natural for him to forget and that it was unreasonable for her to expect the joy of the honeymoon through life. She wiped away her tears and resolved to hide her grief and be kind, loving, patient.

And the man never knew. Perhaps some day he went into court and complained that he had been the recipient of "mechanical kisses." Domestic neglect isn't always confined to lack of food and clothing. Cruelty doesn't always take the form of physical abuse. When men learn to think, when they remember that the little attentions often mark the difference between joy and sorrow in a woman's life, there will be more real happiness in the world.—Milwaukee Journal.

For Tender Feet.

After dancing for a little while many people's feet get very tender and uncomfortable. If you are troubled in this way, try this plan: Put ivy leaves next the soles of your feet, inside the stockings. Cut out the hard center rib, lay the leaves as smoothly as possible, draw your stockings carefully over so as not to disarrange them, and see that your shoes fit just comfortably. For walking in warm weather this is an excellent plan and prevents the feet from getting tender.—New York News.

His Promotion.

"Pa," said little Johnny, "teacher is thinking about promoting me."

"How do you know?"

"From what she said today."

"And what was that?"

"She said if I kept on I'd belong to the criminal class."

Two Statements.

Ascum—Some people are saying that you made most of your money in politics. Leader—But others are saying I made most of my money out of politics; so who are ye going to believe?—Philadelphia Press.

The Proper Caper.

"And what did you do when the doctor told you you would have to quit wearing a corset and give up sweets?"

"I sent for another doctor."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best bred in the company.—Swift.

Joy, temperance and repose slam the door on the doctor's nose.—Longfellow.

Modern Pandora

By Luellen Teters

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Janet Allston quickly seized her suit case and started out as the train thundered into the station at the little resort, eager to make her escape before Carrington, who sat in the back of the car, should espy her. In this party she recognized a supercilious beauty whose name had lately been significantly linked with his, and several comfortable looking dowagers who had come down, as she, to either stay with friends or at the big hotel over the regular Saturday night hop.

She felt ashamed of her innumerable bundles, each breathing its own scent of chocolates, early hothouse peaches for dear Aunt Caroline and some magazines.

Cousin Tom's happy, ruddy face was not visible among the crowd of people on the platform. She glanced around in desperation, anxious to secure the services of a hackman to carry her at once to her destination, but beyond a few private vehicles there was nothing available.

Over her shoulder sounded Carrington's deep voice and Lilian Royer's silvery, airy laughter. She started nervously, dropping the telltale parcel of peaches, which scattered compromisingly in all directions through the throng.

"Let me help you!" Carrington jumped with alacrity to her aid, restoring the downy, pink cheeked fruit to her arms.

An icy "Thank you" rewarded him. Womanlike, angry at the innocent offender, she felt like venting her displeasure on him.

"I suppose your cousin meets you?" he inquired, pausing for a second as the ladies accompanying him moved on.

"Oh, yes," she replied lightly, hoping that he would not detect the delinquent's absence.

She squared her back on the group as the Carrington trap, in the hands of a trim groom, rolled noiselessly up, and the ladies were helped in. There was a whir of rushing wheels, and a cloud of dust indicated its flight down the country road. Tears of mortification and anger welled up in her eyes. Were it not so far she would walk the distance, bundles, suit case and all. A black speck was coming rapidly toward her far up the highway. It finally revealed red and black wheels. A sensation of mingled annoyance, pride and timidity swept over her as she saw that, after all, it was not her cousin, but Carrington, who had evidently lost no time in returning from his stables.

"I suppose your relatives didn't expect you until the 5:30," he said pleasantly as he drove up. "I was afraid you would attempt to walk the distance. Won't you let me drive you over?"

"Thank you—I will wait for Tom," she said, blushing at the falsity of her position.

"I came back purposely to get you," he went on, ignoring her discouraging glance. "It's hard on the peaches. They'll be overripe if you keep them in this hot sun much longer. Come, please."

She hesitated visibly. "For the sake of the peaches, then," she assented, reaching him her parcels.

"I will not question the conditions," he replied.

"It would be of no use," she answered in his vein, "for I never argue."

They drove smoothly over the white threadlike road, under the canopy of trees, talking indifferently on superficial subjects, the man not insensible to the charm of her laughing eyes and nut brown face, the girl responsive to every flash of his blue eyes and inwardly delighting in his slightest mannerism. Between them lay the unconfessed joy of a past summer time, when he had been her constant attendant at this same place, until golden haired Lilian Royer arrived one day as a guest of his mother. Involuntarily she sighed, and the man, finding its echo in his own heart, repeated it.

"You will be at the hop tonight?" he asked as he deposited her at her destination.

"My frock is here." She pointed to her suit case.

"Your cousin said Egerton was coming down too." He watched her face narrowly as he spoke.

"A later train," she said evenly. "I decided to come on the 3 o'clock special."

He could make nothing of her explanation, however, as he thought her words over after leaving her. Surely, if report were true that the two were in love and to be married, it looked odd that they did not plan to arrive on the same train. His mind revolved on Janet's speech in spite of his attempts to dismiss it.

Janet promptly thought no more about him, having long ago to find an excuse for his changed behavior. Opening her suit case, she began to draw out her small wardrobe. The articles seemed peculiarly unfamiliar. She shut it hastily, intently scanning the modest initials, "J. A." on the side. It surely was hers, but how could it be, when before her was a vision of dainty, lace trimmed pink crepe de chine, with a low cut bodice bordered with dainty wild roses; pink silk stockings, a pink fan, a rose spray for the hair and down in one corner a pair of high heeled pink slippers? What hallucination of the brain was this, or was it the triumph of an aggregation of the day's annoyances?

She laughed and cried hysterically. They belonged to somebody else, but she either had to wear them or remain at home. The ample dimensions of Aunt Caroline's dresses forbade further consideration of them.

Like her prototype, Pandora, when she opened the case she let the evils out. The woman who hesitates meets the proverbial fate. By the aid of a [illegible] the waist was adjusted trimly to her more slender figure, the toes of the frivolous slippers were stuffed out with tissue paper, and the balance of her toilet was made to her complete satisfaction.

The hop progressed as all similar affairs do where there is a sprinkling of black coats and pretty girls. Janet, promenading the room on Egerton's arm, recognized a familiar white frock coming toward her. With sickening dread of an impending scene she saw that its wearer was Lilian Royer, and Carrington walked beside her.

"I am afraid there has been some mistake in our suit cases," Miss Royer cried sharply. "I don't see how it could possibly have happened. You must have taken mine by mistake."

Janet drew herself up ominously, indignant at the insinuation.

"The initials were the same as mine," she explained, with very red cheeks. "To all outward appearances it looked like my suit case. Since I came down here for the dance, I had no alternative but to wear this dress or stay at home. It was no fault of mine that the mistake was made, I assure you."

Miss Royer glanced contemptuously at the white dress she wore. "I was forced to wear yours," she said, "not having any other with me. I took my sister's suit case, Mrs. Adams—Julia's. She used mine, for it held more. I am sure you will not object to coming with me now to the dressing room and exchanging."

"Certainly not," Janet said proudly.

There was a frown settling on Carrington's brow. He was conscious of a strong desire to take Janet in his arms and anathematize Miss Royer in forcible terms. But the sting of a broken half promise and forgotten vows held him aloof.

"What a little hypocrite she is!" Miss Royer exclaimed to him as she flashed her across the door. "She knew all along it was mine!" Carrington made no comment.

Half an hour later, after a solitary smoke in a retired corner of the piazza, he came upon a little white figure crying all alone.

"Janet," he whispered anxiously, bending tenderly over her, "don't cry. Where is that confounded Egerton? He shouldn't leave you here alone."

She raised her head proudly, her tear clouded eyes flashing. "Why always that man?" she cried childishly. "I hate him! I only want to be alone. Please go away."

"You're not engaged to him? You don't like him?" He could hardly credit what his ears heard. "They told me the day was set and"—

Janet put a soft little hand over his mouth.

"You did not seem to care sufficiently to find out the truth," she said.

"I was afraid of hearing the deathblow to my own hopes," he answered her. "Janet"—he grasped her hands boldly in his—"tell me now—I want my fate settled at once—can't we go back to that last sweet summer time and start all over again, you and I? Can't we, dear? And we'll let the world know it tonight so that they will leave us alone hereafter. Will you, Janet?"

The throb of the orchestra drowned the silence. Carrington put his arms around her, and she did not protest against it.

She Was Grateful.

Mr. Brown's business kept him so occupied during the daytime that he had little opportunity to enjoy the society of his own children. When some national holiday gave him a day of leisure his young son was usually his chosen companion. One day, however, Mr. Brown, reproached by the wistful eyes of his seven-year-old daughter, reversed the order of things and invited the little girl to go with him for a long walk.

She was a shy, silent, small person, and during the two hours' stroll not a single word could Mr. Brown induce the little maid to speak, but her shining eyes attested that she appreciated his efforts to amuse her—indeed, she fairly glowed with suppressed happiness.

Just before they reached home, however, the child managed, but only after a tremendous struggle with her inherent timidity, to find words to express her gratitude.

"Papa, what flower do you like best?" she asked.

"Why, I don't know, my dear—sunflowers, I guess."

"Then," cried the little girl, beaming with gratitude, "that's what I'll plant on your grave!"—Woman's Home Companion.

No Green Cheese Moon For Her.

The little girl was on a visit to her grandfather, a clergyman who is celebrated in the city for his logical powers.

"Oh, my! Only think, grandpa, what Uncle Robert says!"

"What does he say, my dear?"

"Why, he says the moon is made of green cheese. It isn't at all, is it?"

"Well, child, suppose you find out yourself."

"How can I, grandpa?"

"Open the Bible on the table and see what it says."

"Where shall I begin?"

"Begin at the beginning."

The child sat down to read the Bible. Before she was half through the second chapter of Genesis and had read about the creation of the stars and animals she turned to her grandfather, her eyes bright with the excitement of discovery, and said:

"I've found it, grandpa. It isn't true, for God made the moon before he made any cows."

STAGE LIGHTS.

Their Various Uses and the Names by Which They Are Known.

Lights play an important part on the stage of the modern theater, and they have many uses. The spot light, for instance, is employed to cast a circle of light upon the stage where a single person is to be brought into especial prominence. It consists of an arc electric light inclosed in a cylindrical hood about the diameter of a stovepipe and provided at the open end with a condenser lens for the purpose of concentrating the rays upon a small area.

A flood light is an arc in a rectangular box painted white upon the inside to serve as a reflector. It is supposed to flood the stage with light; hence its name.

Bunch lights are clusters of gas or incandescent lights either arranged within a reflector or exposed naked. They are used back of a scene behind doorways, where light is needed off the stage to represent the illumination of that part of a dwelling not shown. For the same purpose "strip" lights are used—rows of incandescent lights fastened to a strip of wood provided with a hook, by which it may be hung to the back of a scene when required.

"Side" lights are incandescent lights arranged on either side of the proscenium arch. Sometimes they are built within the arch or they are arranged to be swung outward when the curtain is raised.

The footlights are familiar to all, and the "border" lights are those hung over the stage directly above the scenery, shutting off the top of the stage. These are arranged in a trough like an inverted "U" to cast their light down upon the stage. These are practically all of the lights used upon the stage of a house, though magic lanterns are employed at times for the simulation of water effects, moonlight ripples and lightning. The old fashioned calcium, using the oxyhydrogen gas, is so seldom employed in the modern theater as to call for no comment.

CALIFORNIA'S GREATNESS.

California has the largest seed farms in the world.

California leads all the states in the production of barley.

The Golden Gate is the western portal for America's great future commerce.

California is the only state in the Union in which bituminous rock is found.

California has a larger per capita wealth than any other state in the Union.

California produces more oranges and lemons than any other state in the Union.

The United States mint at San Francisco is the largest institution of the kind in the world.

For many years past San Francisco has been and still is the leading whaling port of the world.

The glory of California's flowers is practical. The state produces more honey than any other.

California produces more English walnuts than all the other states, and they are of better quality.—Exchange.

A Home Thrust.

There is a good story told about the late Henry Bergh. While walking about the streets of New York city one morning he saw a teamster whipping a balky horse.

"Stop that, you brute," he exclaimed, "or I'll have you locked up inside of five minutes! Why don't you try kindness on the animal? Don't you suppose a horse can be reached by a kind word the same as a human being?"

"I believe ye're right, sor," replied the teamster, a quick witted Irishman, who, with all his faults of temper, was not a bad man at heart, "an' if a horse has feelin's, sor, don't ye s'pose his dhriver has too? Thry a koind wor-rd on the dhriver, if ye plase."

The stern face of Mr. Bergh relaxed into a smile, and in the better understanding that followed the horse forgot that it was balking and started off in a trot.

A Scathing Retort.

An English lawyer who had been cross examining a witness for some time and who had sorely taxed the patience of the judge, jury and every one in the court was finally asked by the court to conclude his cross examination. Before telling the witness to stand down he accosted him with this parting sarcasm:

"Ah, you're a clever fellow—a very clever fellow. We can all see that."

The witness leaned over from the box and quietly retorted:

"I would return the compliment if I were not on oath."—"Personalia."

Vulgar Admiration.

Mr. Muchcash—What are you doing out there in the night air? Come into the house. Gladys—I was just admiring the moon, papa. Mr. Muchcash—What business have you admiring the moon when there are so many things in the house that I have bought expressly for you to admire? Anybody can admire the moon.

His Luck.

Lowscads (despondently)—I might just as well be dead. What good am I, anyway? Why, I believe that I've been refused by every girl in town! Henpekke (excitedly) — Touch wood! Touch wood, quick, or your luck will change!—Smart Set.

Men and Dogs.

"When I hears a man sayin' dat he likes dogs better dan he does human folks," said Uncle Eben, "I can't help suspectin' dat mebbe he's picked out de kin' o' friends dat's as good as he deserves."—Washington Star.

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What Shall We Have for Dessert?
The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day.

City Shaving Parlors,
ELWOOD GASKIN, Prop.
Shaving and Hair Dressing
—In the latest style of Art.—
None but first-class workmen employed.
Shining Chair.

THE BRAIN IN SLEEP

WITH SOME IT NOTES TIME BETTER THAN WHEN THEY ARE AWAKE.

One of the Odd Facts Connected With the Ceaseless Operations of This Most Wonderful of All the Organs of the Human Body.

That a man may have a better idea of the time of night when he awakens from a good sleep than he would have of the time of day, provided he were working unusually hard, with unusual intentness of purpose, is one of the odd facts connected with the operation of the human brain.

But, on the other hand, if a man may work with such intensity of purpose as to forget the lapse of two or three hours of daylight, so he may sleep with a soundness that prevents the little timekeeper of the brain from making subconscious note of the hour hand of the clock in the night. As between the two conditions, however, it is the opinion of a professor of nervous diseases that the awakened sleeper usually has a better idea of the flight of the night than the other may have of the flight of the day.

"Under ordinary circumstances the person who is in normal sleep is not asleep," said the doctor. "That one clock of the brain which takes cognizance of time is alert to an extent not appreciated by the layman. Awakening at any time in the night, the person in good health and condition knows pretty closely whether it is midnight or after or whether it be nearer 2 o'clock in the morning than it is to 4 o'clock. Many persons have the faculty so cultivated that they know within the quarter hours of the exact time.

"On the other hand, it is a common expression with persons in all lines of work suddenly to look at the clock and express the keenest surprise that it is so late in the afternoon or the evening, and occasionally one who has been working to poor advantage and under difficulties will be surprised on looking at his watch that it is so early.

"That the brain in sleep keeps this tally upon the time is proved by the influence of anesthetics. A person who has been profoundly under the influence of any drug used for the purpose will be as utterly unconscious of the passing of ten minutes as he will be unconscious of the passing of an hour. He may be forgetful of all conditions leading up to the state of anesthesia, and for the time being he may have forgotten the day of the week.

"As to the time measurement in sleep, it is best represented in the person used to travel and to the catching of trains in the night. Many of these persons will be able to awaken at an hour giving them just the margin needed for preparation for the train.

"One of the peculiarities of a person's waking for a train or for any such emergency is that the awakening always is sudden. There is none of the preliminary yawning and stretching and slowly returning sense of luxurious rest and comfort felt by the man who has slept a full sleep. In this awakening to a certain time the person frequently feels that impression of a sudden sound which he knows cannot have been made or uttered. Not infrequently he has the sense that *some one* has called his name. He may be almost certain that he has heard his first name —George—called with the characteristic rising inflection. In almost any case his awakening is without any premonitory *symptoms*. It is with a *sort* of jolt that he comes into full fledged consciousness. In such cases as those where the sleep is *profound* beyond any consciousness of the time the dream period of sleep is left far behind; the sleep has approached the depth of anesthesia."

One of the oddities of sleep was referred to in which *a* person may lie down for rest without intending to sleep. It may be morning or afternoon, but the *fatigue that prompts* the person to lie down overcomes him, and after a sound sleep he awakens without any knowledge of *time* in any sense. He does not realize whether it is morning or afternoon, whether he has had luncheon or whether he may not have slept through a day and a night and awakened into another day. It is the *opinion* of the professor that in such a case the person experiencing the sensations probably is not in a normal state of health.

As an example of sleep that should be natural and close to the design of nature and of an awakening that should be normal without the effect of an artificial civilization crowding it, the *babe* which has rested to the full and begins to arouse itself from slumber is an interesting study.

With its little face on the pillow, unmarked by a line, and its breath coming with a silent regularity, its hands listless and still at its sides, the onlooker is assured of the absolute repose that is upon the child. As the hour for awakening approaches there may be just a little tremor shaking the whole body of the sleeper and perhaps just the trace of a sigh following it. Then an eyelid will flutter for the width of a hair, and the lips will close slightly.

Sleep is preparing for flight. The eyelids close tightly, and a frown comes over the baby face like a shadow over a field of June clover. The other arm is drawn up, and the little hand seeks the baby face, and the knuckles are bored into a closed eye. There are more stretchings, more frowns, a throwing of the hands and feet right and left, another sigh, and then with an almost convulsive movement the eyelids pop open, and wide and blue—or black or gray or brown—the pupils dilate and turn and roll toward walls and ceilings.

Baby is awake.—Chicago Tribune.

Enjoy Advantages.

"Mammy," said Pickaninny Jim, "what does ghos'es want to come back to dis yearth foh?"

"Dat's a foolish question. Dey kin go whahebber dey wants widout payin' no house rent nor cah fare, an' nobody can't shet 'em out. Sometimes I reckons dat ghos'es is de only folks dat re'ly enjoys life."—Washington Star.

Marriage in the Isles of Greece.

In Kaso, one of the most southern islands of Greece, the parents upon both sides take upon themselves all the responsibilities of courtship and marriage. Courtship, as we understand it, is not in any way permitted to the betrothed couple. No moonlight walks or tete-a-tetes are allowed. Such a course would be deemed highly reprehensible, and all wooing, if there be any, must take place in the presence of the elders. But there is no great time for repining at these decrees of custom, for the marriage follows the offer as quickly as may be.

Treasurer's Sales

OF

Unseated Lands.

Notice is hereby given that agreeably to the Act of Assembly approved 18th day of March, 1850, entitled "An Act to Amend an Act Directing the Mode of Selling Unseated Land for Taxes, and for Other Purposes," The following tracts of Unseated Lands in McKean County will be exposed to public sale or outcry in the Court House, in the Borough of Smethport, Pennsylvania, on

MONDAY, JUNE 13, 1904,

at 10 o'clock a. m., unless sooner paid, and the money for which land will be sold must be paid at the time of sale, otherwise said land will be sold again and in no case will a deed be given unless the above conditions are complied with.

Notice is also given that in compliance with the Act of Assembly, approved the 6th day of June, 1887, "An Act to Regulate the Collection of Taxes on Unseated Lands," there will be accrued interest at the rate of 6% per annum on taxes of 1902 from January 1, 1903 and on all taxes of 1903 from January 1, 1904, until time of payment of same. See P. L. 1887, page 363.

ANNIN TOWNSHIP.

Wt.	Sub.	Acres	Owners	1902	1903
3456 3451 2215		244½	F A Sampson	$31 10	$31 10
2007	872	24	do	3 00	3 00
2218	342	34	S E Whitman	1 44	1 44
2214	893	65	C A Dolley	7 02	7 02
2214	393	40¼	do	6 84	6 84
2145	230	25	do	1 07	1 07
		230	do	10 58	10 58
2203 2207 2146		100	do	12 75	12 75
2145	286	59	do	2 52	2 52
2145		25	do	1 07	1 07
3443 2207 2209	383	63	A G Wandover		2 68
2145	237	25	V R Vanderhule	2 18	2 18
1098		56	Terrence Driscoll	4 93	4 94
1098	255	46	Eugene Mullin	5 76	5 76
115		8	do	1 02	1 02
3465	802	57	D Simpson		4 84
3445		3	Mrs C A Taylor		66
2222 2218		66	John Kinney		4 68
2218 2223	805 370	92	Arnold & Dolley	7 82	7 82
1808	249	25	Burdette Bray	3 20	3 20
2210 2118	360	40½	Patrick Sullivan	2 18	2 18
2328		24	do	1 03	1 03
2218	162 210 208	110	Wm Simar Est	9 85	9 85
15		87½	James Taylor	1 87	1 87
1098		10	John Kent	43	43
1098		60	Dolley & Wolford	7 65	7 65
1098		60	do	7 65	7 65
1098	258	41	do	5 23	5 23
2177		50	J. C. Godlng	4 25	4 25
3455	807	258	do	32 27	32 27
3445 2177		10	do	1 28	1 28
2218	303	35	O H Norton	1 60	
2177	301	53	do	6 77	
2177	84	25	do	1 07	
2214 2218		66	Louisa Dolley	8 40	8 41
2207		21	W L Lillibridge	2 68	2 68
2145	357	40	A L Burr	3 40	3 40
2177	320	28	R H McNalley		1 19
2218	874	15	J E Mullin	1 28	1 28
3450		112	H S Baker & M A Lillibridge	10 04	10 04
3450		238	do	35 41	35 41
2145		50	M A Lillibridge	6 38	6 38
2203 2207		30	W A Hulett	3 83	3 83
2218		35	do	4 47	4 47
115		25	J C Backus Est		3 20
2218	361	121	S J Carlson	10 29	10 29
115		180	J C Backus Est		5 53
6122 115			do This is mineral, oil & gas		3 83

LANDS RETURNED FROM SEATED.

Wt.	Sub.	Acres	Owners	1901	1902
3445	397	28	Harvey Bessie	2 47	5 15
15 3445		½	James Cronin	1 93	1 00

15 2218 2448 2228		2½	Eugene Cooper	1 01	1 01
3445		2½	Mrs Thos Connolly	1 83	1 79
15 2213 2443 2228		22½	O J Fullmer	6 26	6 08
172 3450		30	Etta M Lindlsey	2 75	2 69
15		2½	N S G McDougal	3 21	3 14
3144 2200		4	Herman Plummer	2 46	

2508	224	112½	Hazelton, Weston & Co	3 85	4 41
2319	340	112½	Penn Tanning Co	3 82	4 37
2754		250	Wiggins & Trebble	8 50	9 75
2453		50	L A Brenneman	25 50	29 25
	344	205	Koester & Philliber	6 08	8 01
3122	80	75	Wm Blew	4 97	5 60
3193	53	102	do	11 00	12 04
2597	265	225	E M Payne	7 66	8 79
2592	259	225	do	7 66	8 79
2582	429	225	do	7 66	8 79
2555	219	225	B T Stone	22 96	26 31
3764		101	A J Hazeltine	3 55	14 06
3762		177 3-10	Unknown	12 08	19 85
3130		65	Herbert Anderson	6 04	7 61
3087	12-3	405	Day Chemical Co	61 72	70 80
3754		50	Michael Cashman	1 70	1 95
2571	182	225	G W Campbell		8 79
2888	342	62	Geo Welker		2 41
2587	302	225	T L Kane & J Davis		8 79
2587	303	225	do		8 79

LANDS RETURNED FROM SEATED.

				1901	1902
3176		50 51	Corzell, Bubb & Helm	7 63	5 42
3212		33¼	John McCloskey	2 74	2 52
3175	40-41	84½	D R Mathews		3 82

A. W. BOYD,
County Treasurer.

Treasurer's Office, Smethport, Pa., March 1, 1904.

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